

BARNABAS
and
BOANERGES:

OR,
WINE and OYLE
for

Afflicted Soules.

Poured forth and applied in

Consolatory { Promises,
Prayers, and
Soliloquies.

By FRA. QUARLES.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for Richard. Loundes, at
the Golden Vnicorne upon
Ludgate hill over against
Bell Savage, 1646.

BARNABAS
and
BOANERGES:

OR,
WINE and OYLE

Attributed to them.

Poured forth and applied in

Prayers.

Consolatory Prayers, and

Soliloquies.

By FRAS. QUARESE

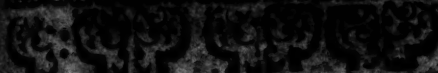
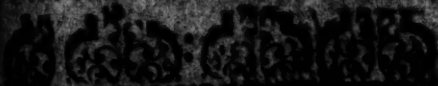
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LONDON.

Printed for Richard Taylor at
the Golden Vinegar shop
in Pall-mall over against
St. James's Church.

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The sensuall Mans solace

 Come, let's be merry, and
rejoyce our souls in fro-
lick and in fresh delight.
Let's skipe our pamp'rd hearts
a pitch beyond the reach of dol-
lrowd sorrow: Let's pass the
flow-pac'd time in melancholy
charming *mirth*, and take the ad-
vantage of our *youthfull* dayes.
Let's banish care to the *dead* Sea
of Phlegmatick old age: Let's
deep sigh be high *Treason*, and let
a solemne looke bee adjudg'd a
Crime too great for Pardon. My
serious studies shall bee to draw
mirth into a Body, to analytise
longer, and to paraphrase upon
the varrious Texts of all delights.
My recreation shall bee to fill
pleasure into a Quintessence, to
reduce *Beauty* to her first prin-
ciples,

20 *The Sensual mans Solace.*

ciples, and to extract a perfect
innocence from the milk-white
Doves of *Venus*. Why should I
spend my precious minutes to
the fullen and dejected *Phoebe* of
Sadness? or ravell out my short
liv'd dayes in solemn and heart-
breaking *Cere*? Hours have Ea-
gles wings and when their hally
flight shall put a period to our
numbered dayes, the world is
gone with us, and all our forgot-
ten joyes are left to be enjoyed
by the succeeding generations,
and we are snatcht we know not
how, we know not whither, and
wrapt in the dark *besome* of eter-
nall night. Come then my soule,
be wise, make use of that which
gone, is past recalling, and lost,
is past redemption: Eat thy
bread with a merry heart, and
gulp down care in *swifter* cups
of liberrall wine. Beguile there-
fore

The Senseless mans Allure. 22

deous light with dalliance, and
hence thy stupid sense in
Bonds; in delightful sluttish
all the portion this transi-
tory world can give thee. Let
Musick, Voices, Masques, and
midnight Revels, and all that
mischancefull merriment, confound
vntill thou thy delights find
thy ever-abjuring soul cleave up
and sweeten the short dayes of
thy consuming youth. Follow
the ways of thy owne heart, and
take the freedom of thy sweet
desires: Leave not delight untry-
ed, and spare no cost to heighten
up thy lust. Take pleasure in the
choise of pleasures, and please
thy curious eyes with all
things; to satisfy thy soule in all
things which thy heart desires.
I, but my soule, when those ill
dayes shall come wherein thy
wasting pleasures shall present
their.

their heart to thy bedded view
when all disease and the spite
of age shall thrust up their For-
ce in thy cranks bones; whole
be thy comfort then? blow

Consider O, my Soule, and
remember that the day will
come, and after that nothing
wherein for all these things
God will bring forth judgment
Eccles. 1: 9

Prov. 14: 13
Eccles. 1: 17
I said in my heart, I will
rejoice with mirth, and there-
fore I joyed in pleasure, and I be-
hold vanity, I said of laugh-
ing, it is mad; and of mirth, what
doth it? I said in my heart, I will
rejoice in mirth, and I be-
hold vanity, I said of laugh-
ing, it is mad; and of mirth, what
doth it? I said in my heart, I will
rejoice in mirth, and I be-
hold vanity, I said of laugh-
ing, it is mad; and of mirth, what
doth it?

St. James. 1: 1
I have lived in pleasure by the earth
and

and been wanting; ye have nourished
your hearts as in the day of slaughter.

Eccles. 7. 4.

The heart of the wise man is in the
house of mourning; but the heart of
fooles is in the house of mirth.

Idid, in Synonymis.

Pleasure is an inclination to the un-
lawful objects of corrupted mind,
allured with a momentary sweetness.

Hugo.

Sensuality is an immoderate indul-
gence of the flesh, a sweet poison, a
strong plague, a dangerous passion
which effeminates the body, and e-
nerves the soul.

Call. Lib. 4. Ep.

They are more sensible of the burthen
of affliction, that are most taken
with the pleasures of the flesh.

What.

Vhat hast thou now to say O my soule, why this judgement, seconded with di-
vine *prooves*, backed with the *bar-*
row of holy men, should not
proceed against thee? Dally no
longer with thy owne *salvation*,
nor flatter thy owne *corruption*:
Remember, the wages of flesh
are *sin*, and the wages of sinne,
death: God hath threatned it,
whose judgements are *terrible*;
God hath witnessed it, whose
words are *Truth*. Consider then
my soul, and let not momenta-
rie pleasures flatter thee into e-
ternity of torment: How many,
that have trod thy *steps*, are now
roaring in the *flames* of hell! and
yet thou triflest away the time of
thy *repentance*. O my poor delu-
ded soul, presume no longer, re-
pent *to day*, lest *to morrow* come too
late: Or, couldst thou ravell out
thy

His Prayer.

my dayes beyond *Jerusalem*,
tell me alas, what will eternally be
the shorter for the deduction of
a thousand yeeres. Be wisely pro-
vident therefore O my soul, and
bid *vanny*, the common forcercher
of the world farewell; life and
death are yet before thee. Choose
life, and the God of life will seal
thy choice. Prostrate thy self be-
fore him who delights not in the
death of a *flower*, and present thy
petitions to him who can deny
thee nothing, in the name of a
Saviour.

His Prayer.

O God, in the beauty of
whose holiness is the true
joy of those that love thee, the
full happiness of those that fear
thee, and the only rest of those
that prize thee; In respect of
which, the transitory pleasures
of

of the world are lesse then nothing, in comparison of which the greatest wisdom of the world is folly, and the glory of the earth but drosse and dung. How dare my boldnesse thus presume to presse into thy glorious presence? What can my prayers expect but thy just wrath and hea-
vie indignation? O what return can the tainted breath of my polluted lips deserve, but to be bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell? But Lord the merits of my Saviour are greater then the offences of a sinner, and the sweetnesse of thy mercy exceeds the sharpnesse of my misery: The horreur of thy judgements have seized upon me, and I languish through the sense of thy displeasure, I have forsaken thee the rest of my distressed soule, and set my affections up-

on

on the vanity of the deceitfull
world. I have taken pleasure in
my foolishnesse, and have vaun-
ted my self in mine iniquity. I
have flattered my soule with the
bunny of delights, whereby I am
made sensible of the stink of my
affliction: wherefore I loath, and
utterly abhor my self, and from
the bottom of my heart repent
in dust & ashes. Behold O Lord,
I am impure and vile, and have
wallowed in the puddle of mine
own Corruptions. The Sword
of thy displeasure is drawn out
against me, and what shall I plead.
O thou preserver of mankind?
Make me a new Creature O my
God, and destroy the Old man
within me. Remove my affec-
tions from the love of transitory
things, that I may run the way
of thy Commandements. Turne
away mine eyes from beholding
vanity,

vanity, and make thy testimonies
 my whole delight. Give me
 strength to discern the emptiness
 of the creature, and inebriate
 my heart with the fulness of thy
 joys. Be thou my portion O
 God, at whose right hand stand
 pleasures for evermore. Be thou
 my refuge and my shield, and
 suffer me not to sink under the
 corruptions of my heart, let
 not the house of sinners beguile
 me, but give me a sense of the evil
 to come. Accept the free-will
 offerings of my mouth, and
 grant my petitions for the ho-
 nour of thy Name, then will I
 magnifie thy mercies O God,
 and praise thy name for ever and
 ever.

Th.

85
The Vain-glorious mans want.

WHat tell'st thou me of
Conscience, or a *pious*
life? They are good trades for a
low spirit that can stand bent
at every frown, and want the
braines to make a higher For-
tune, or courage to achieve that
honour which might glorifie
their names, and write their
memories in the *Chronicles* of
Fame. 'Tis true, *Humility* is a
needfull gift in those that have
no *quality* to exercise their pride;
and *patience* is a necessary grace
to keep the world in peace, and
him that hath it, in a whole
skin, and often proves a vertue
born of meer necessity. And civil
bowes is a fair pretence for him
that hath not wit to act the
Knave, and makes a man capable
of a little higher stile then *Foule*.
And

20 *The Vainglorious man vaunt.*

And blushing modesty is a pretty innocent quality, and serves to vindicate an easie nature from the imputation of an *il-breeding*. These are inferiour Graces that have got a good opinion in the dull wisdom of the world, and appeare like water among the elements to moderate the body *Politique*, and keep it from combustion, nor doe they come into the *work* of honour. Virtue consists in *Action*, and the reward of action is *Glory*. Glory is the great soule of the little world, and is the *Crown* of all sublime attempts, and the point where to the *crooked wayes* of policy are all concentrick. Honour consults not with a pious life. Let those that are ambitious of a Religious reputation, abjure all honorable Titles, and let their dough-bak'd spirits take a pride in suffrance,

The Vain glorious man) Vant,

ferance, (the Anvile of all Injures) and bee thankfully battered into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, Murthers, Treason, Ambitions, Riots, are veniall things to men of honour, and oft co-incident in high pursuits. Had my dull Conscience stood upon such nice points; that little honour I have wonne had glori'd some other arme, and left me begging Morrells at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soule, *Ecce jam iuvat quod fieri non potuit.* Fear not to doe, what crownes thee being done. Ride on with thy Honour, and create a name to live with faire Eternity. Enjoy thy purchas'd Glory as the merit of thy renowned Actions, and let thy memory entaile it to succeeding Generations. Make thy owne game, and if thy conscience correct thee, check thy saucy

cy Confirme: till thee stand as
white as metemorphos'd Niobe.
I care not the frownes of Pri-
am, or the imperious hands of
various Fortune. Thou art too
bright for the one to obscure,
and too great for the other to
bring downe.

But hark my soule, I heare a
voice that thunders in mine
eare.

I will change their glory into shame.

Hol. 4. 7.

Psal. 49. 20.

*Man that is born in honour, and un-
derstandeth not, is like the beasts
that perish.*

Prov. 25. 27.

*It is not good for a man to eat too much
bread, so for men to search their own
glory, is not glory.*

Jer.

Thus saith the Lord: Let not the
 wise man glory in his wisdom, nor
 let the mighty man glory in his
 might, nor let the rich man glory
 in his riches. But let him that
 gloryeth in this, that he
 standeth on the Lord. **Gal. 6. 14.**
 Let us not desire the glory of
 man, and those shall find
 glory. **1 Cor. 4. 7.** Do not glory
 in the power of a Prince. The

St. Augustin

The vanity of the world is a delu-
 sion full of sinnes, an unfruitfull lab-
 our, a perpetuall fear, a dangerous
 bruiery, begun without provocation
 and finished not without repentance.

St. Greg.

He that maketh transitory honours the
 bread of life, and the world
 the glory of his life, shall find

Vain.

VAin-glory is a *Florb*, which
 blowne off, discovers a
 great want of measure: Canst
 thou O my soul be gaily of such
 an emptinesse, and not bee chal-
 leng'd? Canst thou appeare in the
 searching eye of heaven, and not
 expect to be cast away? I receive
 not thy self O my soul, nor face
 ter thy self with thy own great-
 nesse: Search thy self to the bot-
 tome, and thou shalt find enough
 to humble thee: Dost thou glory
 in the *favour* of a Prince? The
frown of a Prince determines it.
 Dost thou glory in thy *strength*?
 A poor *Ague* betrays it. Dost
 thou glory in thy *manly*? the
 hand of a *thiefe* extinguishes it.
 Dost thou glory in thy *friend*?
 One *cloud* of adversity darkens it.
 Dost thou glory in thy *power*? thy
 own pride obscures it. Behold
 my soul, how like a *Bubble* thou
 art.

appearest, and with a sigh break
 into sorrow; the gate of heaven
 is strait, and thou hope to enter
 without breaking? The Bible
 that would passeth bodie gates
 must first dissolve: My soule melt
 then in tears, and empty thy self
 of all thy vanity; and thou shalt
 find divine repletion; evaporate in
 thy Devotion; and thou shalt de-
 cruite thy greatness to eternall
 Glory.

His Prayer.

And can I choose O God
 but tremble at thy judge-
 ments, can my stony heart
 not be amazed at thy threat-
 nings? Is it thy voice O God,
 and thou hast spoken it: Is it thy
 voice O God, and I have heard
 it? Hadst thou so dealt by us, is
 thou

shouldst by thine proud King,
and driven me from the face of
Men, thou hadst but done accor-
ding to thy righteousness, and
rewarded mee according to my
deservings: What couldst thou
see in mee lesse worthy of thy
vengeance then in him, the ex-
ample of thy justice? Or Lord,
wherein am I more incapable
of thy indignation? There is
nothing in me to move thy mer-
cy but in misery. Thy goodness
is thy selfe, and hath no ground
but what proceedeth from it
self, yet have I sinned against that
goodnesse, and have thereby
heaped up wrath against the day
of wrath; that inasmuch, had
not thy Grace abounded with
my sinne had long since bin con-
founded in my sin, and swallow-
ed up in the gulph of thy dis-
pleasure. But Lord, thou wilt

no delight to punish, & with thee
is no respect of persons: thou take
kest no pleasure in the confusion
of thy creature, but rejoycest ra-
ther in the conversion of a sin-
ner. Convert mee therefore O
God, I shall be then converted:
make me sensible of my own cor-
ruptions, that I may see the vile-
ness of my own condition. Pull
downe the pride of my ambi-
tious heart; humble mee thou O
God, and I shall bee humbled:
Weane mee from the thirst of
transitory honour, and let my
whole delight bee to glory in
thee: Touch thou my consci-
ence with the feare of thy name,
that in all my actions I may fear
to offend thee: endue me O Lord
with the spirit of meeknesse, and
teach me to overcome evill with
a patient heart: moderate and
cure the exorbitances of my pas-
sion,

fion, and give me temperate use
 of all thy creatures. Replenish
 my heart with the graces of thy
 Spirit, that in all my ways I may
 be acceptable in thy sight. In all
 conditions give me a contented
 mind; and upon all occasions
 grant me a gratefull heart, that
 honouring thee here in the
 Church militant before men,
 may be glorified hereafter in the
 Church triumphant before thee
 & Angels, where filled with true
 glory according to the measure
 of grace thou shalt be pleased to
 give me here; I may with Angels
 and Archangels praise thy Name
 forever and ever.

that in all my actions I may be
 to offend thee and me O Lord
 with the spirit of meekness, and
 teach me to overcome evil with
 good hearts: moderate and
 the excellencies of my pas-
 sion

The Oppressors Plea.

I Seeke but what's my owne
by Law: It was his count
free Act and Deed: The execu-
tion lies for goods or body, and
goods or body I will have, or
else my money. What if his beg-
gerly children pine, or his
proud wife perish? They perish
at their owne charge, not mine,
and what is that to mee? I must
be paid, or he lie by it untill I
have my utmost farthing, or his
bones. The Law is just and
good, and being ruled by that,
how can my faire proceedings
be unjust? What's thirty in the
hundred to a man of Trade?
Are we born to thumpe Copes, or
pick straws? and sell our stock-

60 *The Oppressors Plea.*

Good for a few teares, and a whining face? I thanke God they move me not so much as a howling Dog at midnight: I'll give no day, if heaven it selfe would bee security; I must have present money, or his bone. The Commodities were good enough, as wares went then, and had he had but a thriving sale, with the necessary help of a good merchantable Conscience, hee might have gained perchance as much as now hee hath lost, I but howsoever, gaine, or no gaine, I must have my money. Two tedious Tymes my dearest gold hath laine in his unprofitable hands. The cost of Suit, hath made me bleed above a score of Royall besides my Interest, travel, half pinte, and bribes, all which does but increase my beggerly defendants damages, and sets him
deeper

The Oppressors Plea. 31

deeper on my score, but right is
right, and I will have my mo-
ney, or his bones. Fifteen shil-
lings in the pound composition.
He hang first. Come, tell not
mee of a good Conscience, a good
conscience is no parcell of my
Trade; it hath made more
Beggars, then all the loose
wives in the universall City. My
conscience is no foole. It tells
mee that my owne, my owne,
and that a well-cramped bagge
is no deceitfull friend, but will
stick close to mee, when all my
friends forsake mee: If to gaine
a good Estate out of nothing,
and to regaine a desperate debt,
which is as good as nothing, be
the fruits and sign of a bad sen-
ence, God help the good. Come,
tell not mee of griping and Op-
pression. The world is hard, and
he that hopes to thrive, must
gripe

22 *His Punishment*

gripe as hard: What I give, I give, and what I lend, I lend: If the way to heaven bee to turne begger upon earth, let them take it that like it, I know not what ye call *Oppression*. The *Law* is my direction; but of the two, it is more profitable to oppress, then to bee oppressed. If debtors would bee honest and discharge, our hands were bound; but when their failing offends my eye, they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I must right them.

But ha! what voice is this that whispers in mine eare,

The Lord will spoil the soul of the Oppressors; Prov.

22. 23.

the fruit and the tree. Come, O Lord, help the good. Come, O Lord, help the good.

Prov.

Pro. 21. 22.

Rob not the poor, because he is poore,
neither oppresse the afflicted in the
gates, for the Lord wil plead their
cause, and spoile the soule of those
that have spoiled him.

Ezek. 22. 30.

The people of the land have used op-
pression, and exercised Robbery,
and have vexed the poor and needy:
Yea, they have oppressed the
stranger wrongfully. Therefore I
have poured out my indignation
upon them, I have consumed them
with the fire of my wrath.

Zach. 7. 9.

Execute true judgement, and shew
mercy & compassion on every man
to his brother, and oppresse not the
widow nor the fatherlesse, nor the
stranger, nor the poore, and let
none of you imagine evill in your
hearts against his brother. But
they refused to hearken; therefore

came a great wrath from the Lord
of Hosts.

Bernard, p. 1691.

We ought so to care for our selves, as
not to neglect the due regard of our
neighbour.

Bern. ibid.

He that is not merciful to another,
shall not find mercy from God: but
if thou wilt be merciful and
compassionate, thou shalt be a be-
nefactor to thy self.

His Soliloquy.

IS it wisdom in thee O my soul
to covet a happinesse, or rather
to account it so, that is sought
for with a judgement, obtai-
ned

ned with a *Curse*, and punished
with *damnation*; And to neg-
lect that good which is affor-
red with a *promise*, purchased
with a *blessing*, and rewarded
with a *Crown* of Glory? Canst
thou hold a full *estate*, a good
pennyworth, which is bought
with the deare price of thy
Gods displeasure? Tell mee,
what continuance can that *In-
heritance* promise that is raised
upon the *ruines* of thy Brother?
Or what *mercy* canst thou expect
from heaven, that hast de-
stroyed all *mercy* to thy *Neighbors*?
O my hard-hearted soul consider;
and relent: Build not an house
whose posts are subject to be rot-
ted with a *canke*: Consider what
the God of truth hath threatened
against thy *cruelty*; Relent, and
turn *compassionate*, that thou
mayst be capable of his *compassion*.

As If the Desire of Gold hath
hardened thy heart, let the tears
of true Repentance mollifie it, soft-
ten it with *Aspersoryment*, un-
till it become wax to take the
impression of that seale which
shall confirme thy Pardon.

God's blessing be upon thee
with the deare price of thy
blood.

What confidence shall I have
in my sinners?

His Prayer.
O what mercy canst thou expect
upon the sins of my brother?

Bill will my God be now
entreated? Is not my cry-
ing sin too loud for pardon? am I
not sunk too deep into the jaws
of Hell, for thy strong arme to
rescue? Hath not the hardness
of my heart made me incapable
of thy compassion? O if my
tears might wash away my sin
my head should curre a living
Spring.

Spring: Lord I have heard the
brake and am affraid, the word
is past, and thy judgements have
found me out. Fearfulnesse and
trembling are come upon mee,
and the jaws of hell have over-
whelmed mee: I have oppressed
thy poore, and added affliction
to the afflicted, and the voyce of
their misery is come before thee.
They besought mee with teares,
and in the anguish of their souls,
but I have stopp mine ears against
the cry of their complaint. But
Lord, thou walkest not the ways
of man, and remember mee
in the midst of thy wrath, for
thou art good and gracious, and
ready to forgive, and plenteous
in compassion to all that shall
call upon thee. Forgive mee O
God my sinnes that are past, and
deliver me from the guilt of my
Oppressions: Take from mee O

God this heart of stone, and
 create in my breast a heart of
 flesh: Affwage the vehemency of
 my desires to the things below,
 and satisfie my soul with the suf-
 ficiency of thy Grace. Inflame
 my affections, that I may love
 thee with a filiall love, and in-
 cline me to relie upon thy father-
 ly providence: Let me account
 godlinesse my greatest gaine, and
 subdue in me my lusts after filthy
 lucre. Preserve me O Lord from
 the vanity of self-love, and plant
 in my affections the true love of
 my neighbours: Endue my heart
 with the bowells of compas-
 sion, and then reward me accord-
 ing to thy righteousness. Di-
 rect mee O God in the wayes of
 my life, and let a good Consci-
 ence be my continuall comfort.
 Give me a willing heart to middle
 restitution. What is my
 wrong-

wrongfully gotten by oppressi-
on. Grant me a lawfull use of all
thy Creatures, and a thankfull
heart for all thy benefits. Be mer-
ciful to all those that groan un-
der the burden of their owne
wants, and give them patience to
expect thy deliverance: Give me
a heart that may acknowledge
thy favours, and fill my tongue
with praise and thanksgiving,
that living here a new life, I may
become a new creature, and be-
ing ingrafted in thee by the
power of thy grace, I may bring
forth fruit to thy honour and
glory.

The Drunkards Jumble.

VWhat *Compliments* will
the severer world al-
low to the vacant hours of fro-
llow-hearted youth! How shall
their free, their joviall spirits en-
tertain their time, their friends!
What Oyle shall bee infused into
the lampe of deare society, if
they deny the priviledge of a ri-
all-rejoycing Cup? It is the life,
the radicall humour of united
soules, whose love digested heat
even repents and ferments the
greene materialls of a plighted
faith; without the help whereof
new married friendship falls into
divorce, and joynd acquaintance
soon resolves into the first Ele-
ments of strangeness. What mean
these strict Reformers thus to
spend their house-glasses, and
bawle

The Drunkards Fable

lawle against our harmless Cops?
to call our meetings Ralors, and
brand our civil mirth with stiles
of loose Intemperance? where
they can sit at a filfers Feast, de-
vour and glimundize beyond
excess, and wipe the galle from
off their narrowed mouths, and
cloath their sarfets in the long
sustian ror of a tedious Grace:
Is it not much better in a filse
friendly Round (since youth must
have a swing) to steep our soule-
afflicting sorrows in a chirping
Cup, then hazard our estates up-
on the abuse of providence in
a foolish case as Diet: Or at a
Cockpit leave our doubtfull for-
tunes to the mercy of unmercifull
adversitie? Or spend our wail-
top dayes in shortling costly
promises to a fleshly Idol? Was
not the given to exhilarate the
drooping heart, and chase the
drowns

40 *The Drunkards Jubile.*

drowne spirits of dejected souls?
He not the liberall Cup the Sa-
king-bottle of the sons of *Ebrius*,
to solace and refresh their palates
in the nights of sad *Invention*?
Let dry-brain'd *Zelus* spend their
idle breathe, my cups shall be my
cardialls to restore my care-be-
feebled heart to the true Temper
of a well-complexioned mirth:
My solid Brains are potent, and
can beare enough, without the
least offence to my distempered
Senses, or interruption of my
boon companions: My tongue
can in the very *Zanis* of my
Cups deliver the expressions of
my composed thoughts with
better sense, then those my grave
Reformers, can their best advised
prayers. My Constitution is pro-
ofe, and strong enough to
make a fierce encounter with the
most supendious yell that e-
ver

His Judgement. 43

ver failed upon the tides of Ba-
chan: My reason shrinks not, my
passion burns not.

O But my soule, I heare a
threatning voyce that inter-
rupts my language, and saith to
Woe bee to them that are mighty to
drink Wine, Esay 5. 22.

Prov. 20. 1.
Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ra-
ging, and whosoever is deceived
thereby is not wise.

Esay 5. 22.
Woe be to them that rise up early in
the morning to follow strong drink
for that they will fall night, and will
be as drunken men.

Prov. 23. 20.
Be not amongst wine-biters.

1 Cor. 5. 1.

Now I have written unto you, not to
keep company, if any that is called a
brother be a drunkard, with such a
one ye not to eat.

And to Aug. in lib. pen. l. i. c. i. v.
 Whilst he drunkenly swallows wine,
 wine swallows him; God dis-
 regards him, Angels despise him,
 men deride him, women de-
 clines him, the devill destroys
 him.

Aug. ad sac. virg.

Drunkennesse is the mother of all
 evill, the parent of all mischief,
 the well-spring of all vices, the
 trouble of the senses, the tempest
 of the tongue, the shipwracke of
 chastity, the consumption of time,
 the plainer of industry, the corrup-
 tion of manners, the discomper of
 the body, and the destruction of
 the soul.

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 chastity, the consumption of time,
 the plainer of industry, the corrup-
 tion of manners, the discomper of
 the body, and the destruction of
 the soul.

Aug

My Soule, it is the voice of
 God digested into a judge-
 ment: There is no kicking a-
 gainst *Tricks*, or arguing against
 a divine *Trick*: Pleadest thou
Custom? Custom in sinne mul-
 tiplies it: Pleadest thou *Society*?
 Society in the *offence*, aggravates
 the punishment: Pleadest thou
help to invention? Woe be to that
barennesse that wants such *floun-*
ders: Pleadest thou strength to
 beare much *weight*? *Woe be to those that*
are mighty to drinke strong drinks:
 My Soule, thou hast sinned a-
 gainst thy *Creator*, in abusing that
creature hee made to serve thee:
 Thou hast sinned against the
creature, in turning it to the
Creators dishonour: Thou hast
 sinned against thy self, in making
 thy comfort thy confusion.
 How many want that *blessing*
 thou hast turn'd into a curse.
 How

How many thirst, whilst thou
 surfeitest? What satisfaction wilt
 thou give to the Creator, to the
 Creature, to thy selfe; against all
 whom thou hast transgressed? To
 thy selfe, by a sober life; to the
 Creature, by a right use; to thy
 Creator, by a true repentance, the
 way to all which, is Prayer and
 Thanksgiving.

His Prayer.

How truly then, O God, this
 heauie woe belongs to this
 my boasted sin? How many judg-
 ments are comprised and abstra-
 cted in this woe, and all for
 mee, even mee O God, the misera-
 ble subject of thy eternall wrath;
 Even mee O Lord, the marke
 whereat the shafts of thy dis-
 pleasure leuell? Lord, I was a
 sinner

sinners in my first conception,
and in sinne hath my mother
brought me forth: I was no loo-
ner, but I was a slave to sin, and
all my life is nothing but the
practise and the trade of high
rebellion: I have turn'd thy
blessings into thy dishonor, and
all thy graces into wantonnesse.
Yet hast thou been my God even
from the very wombe, and didst
sustaine mee when I hung upon
my mothers breast: Thou hast
~~desired mee~~ ^{drawn me} O Lord from my
pollution, but like a Swine I
have returned to my mire. Thou
hast glauced into my breast the
blessed motions of thy holy Spi-
rit, but I have quenched them
with the springtides of my born
corruption. I have vomited up
my filthinesse before thee, and
like a dog have I returned to my
vomit. Be mercifull O God un-

to me, have mercy on me O thou
son of David: I cannot O Lord
expand the childrens bread, nor
suffer mee to lick the crumbs that
fall beneath their table; I that
have so oft abused the greatest of
thy blessings am not worthy of
the meaneſt of thy favors. Look
look upon me according to the
goodneſſe of thy mercy, and not
according to the greatneſſe of
my offences. Give me O God a
ſober heart, and a lawfull mode-
ration in the enjoyment of thy
Creatures. Reclaim my appetite
from unſeaſonable delights, leſt
I turn thy blessings into a curſe:
In all my dejections be thou my
comfort, and let my rejoycing
be onely in thee. Propoſe to
mine eyes the evilneſſe of my
days, and make mee carefull to
redeem my time; Wean me from
the pleaſure of vain ſociety, and

His Prayer.

49

let my companions, bee such as
feare thee; Forgive all such as
have been partners in my finnes;
and turn their hearts to the obe-
dience of thy laws. Open their
eyes to the reproofs of the wise;
and make them powerfull in re-
formation. Allay that lust which
my intemperance hath inflam'd;
and cleanse my affections with
the grace of thy good Spirit;
make me thankfull for the
strength of my body, that I may
for the time to come return it to
the advantage of thy glory.

50
The Speeche of Iob.

VVill Boanerges never cease?
And will these Plague
denouncers never leave to thunder
Judgements in my trembling
eare? Nothing but plagues? No-
thing but judgements? Nothing
but damnation? What have I
done to make my case desperate?
And what have they not done
to make my soul despaire? Have I
set up false Gods like the *Egypti-
ans*? or have I bowed before them
like the *Israelites*? Have I violated
the Sabbath like the *Libertines*?
Or like cursed *Cham*; have I dis-
covered my Fathers nakednesse?
Have I imbrued my hands in
blood like *Barabbas*? Or like *Ab-
solon* defiled my fathers bed? Have
I like *Jacob* supplanted my elder
brother? Or like *Abab* intruded
into *Nabals* vineyard? Have I horn
false

The Swearers Apology. 51

like winnells like the wanton
Elders? Or like David coveted V-
rue's wife? Have I not given tithes
of all I have? Or hath my purse
been hiebound to my hungry
brother? Hath not my life bene
blamelesse before men: and my de-
meour *unreprovable* before the
world? Have I not hated Vice
with a perfect hatred: and coun-
tenanc'd *Virtue* with a due re-
spect? What means these strict
observers of my life, to ransack
every *action*, to carp at every *word*,
and with their sharp censorious
tongues to sentence every frail-
ty with damnation? Is there no
allowance to humanity? No *grains*
to flesh and blood? Are we all *An-*
gels? Has mortality no *privilege*
to supersede it from the utmost
punishment of a little *necessary*
frailty? Come, come, my soul, let
not these *judgement-binders*
fright

52 *The Smeared Apologie.*

fright thee: Let not these qualms
of their exuberant zeal disturb
thee: Thou hast not curst like
Shimei, nor rail'd like *Rabshakeh*,
nor lied like *Ananias*, nor slan-
der'd like thy *confreres*. They that
censure thy *gnats* swallow their
own *camels*. what if the luxuriant
file of thy discourse doe chance
to strike upon an obvious *Oath*,
art thou straight hurried into
the bosome of a *Plague*? What if
the *custome* of a harmlesse oath
should captivate thy heedlesse
tongue, can nothing under sud-
den *judgment* seiz upon thee? what
if anothers *disfidence* should force
thy earnest lips into a hasty oath,
in confirmation of a suffering
truth, must thou be straightway
branded with *damnation* was Je-
sus mark'd for everlasting death
for swearing by the life of *Egypt*
King was *Peter* when he so deny'd

His Arraignment.

53

ed his master, straight damn'd for
flattering, and forswearing? O
flatter not thy self my soul, nor
turn thou Advocate to so high a
fin: Make not the steps of Saints
a precedent for thee to fall.

If the power of death may not
prevail, heare then the reas-
oning of the Spirit which saith,

The Plague shall not depart from the
house of the wicked.

Exod. 22. 9.

That shall not take the name of the
Lord thy God in vain,

for the
Lord will not hold him guiltlesse,
that taketh his name in vain.

And every one that taketh the name of the
Lord in vain, he shall be cut off.

Swear not at all; neither by heaven,
for it is Gods throne; nor by the

earth, for it is his footstool: But let
thy oath be as salt.

say nay, for what saith the Lord
these commeth of evill, Mat. 5. 34.

D

Jer.

Jen. 23. 10

Because of swearing the Land mourneth.

Aug. in Ser.

The murderer killeth the body of his brother, but the swearer murdereth his own soule.

Aug. in Psal. 88.

It is well that God hath forbidden man to swear, lest by custome of swearing (in as much as we are apt to mistake) we commit perjury: there is none but God can softly swear, because there is no other but may be deceived.

August. de Mendacio.

I say unto you, Swear not at all, lest by swearing ye come to a facility of swearing, from a facility ye come to a custome, and from a custome ye fall into perjury.

O What a judgement is here! How terrible! How full of Execution! The *Plague*? the extract of all diseases; none so mortal, none so comfortable! It makes our house a *Prison*, our friends *strangers*; No comfort but in the expectation of the *morning* end: I, but this judgement excludes that comfort too, The *plague* *shall not depart from the house of the sinner*; What never? *death* will give it a period: No, but it shall be intail'd upon his *house*, his family; *Odious*! *Odious*! that leaves a *Curse* upon the *dones* of Generations, and layes whole families upon the dust: A sin whereto, neither *profit*, nor *pleasure*, nor *necessity* compels, nor *indignation* of nature persuades, a *voluntary*, begun with a *will*, now imitation, and continued

with an *habitual* presumption.
 Consider O my soul, every *O* that
 hath been a nail to wound that
Saviour, whose *blood* (O mercy ex-
 pression!) must save thee:
 Be sensible of thy *Actions*, and
 his sufferings. Abhor thy self in
 dust and ashes, and magnifie his
 mercy that hath turn'd this judg-
 ment from thee. Goe wash those
 wounds which thou hast made,
 with teares, and humble thy self
 with prayer & true repentance.

And aid you to this end
 O *His Prayer*
 O *Almighty* and *omnipotent*
 God before whose glorious
 name Angels, and Archangels
 bow, and bid their faces, into
 which the blessed Spirits and
 Saints of thy triumphant church
 sing forth perpetually *Hallelujah*,
 I a poor Sprig of disobedient
 flesh doe here make bold to take
 with s D that

that holy name into my sin-polluted lips: I have haughtily sin-
ned O God against thee, and hast
grieved I have despised to let
thy thoughts, disordered in
my words, profaned in my
actions; and I know thou art a
jealous God, and a consuming
fire; as faithfull in thy promises
so fearfull in thy judgements; and
therefore fly from the dreadful
Name of Jehovah, which I have
abused, to that gracious name of
Jesus, wherein thou art well
pleased; in that most sacred name
O God, I fall before thee, and
for his beloved sake O Lord I
come unto thee. Cleanse thou
my heart O God; and then my
tongue shall praise thee: Wash
thou my soule, O Lord, and then
my lips shall blesse thee. Work in
my heart a feare of thy displea-
sure, and give me an awfull re-
membraunce

remembrance of thy Name. Set thou a watch before my lips, that I offend not with my tongue: Let no respects intice me to be an instrument of thy dishonour, and let thy attributes be precious in mine eyes, teach me the way of thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me sensible of all my offences: let not my sinful custome in sinning against thy Name take from my guilty soule the sense of my sin: Give mee a respect unto all thy Commandements, but especially preserve me from the danger of this my bosome sin. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy servants, and strike into my inward parts a feare of thy judgements: Let all my communication be order'd as in thy presence, and let the words of my mouth be governed by thy Spirit. Avert those judgments from me which
thy

thy Word hath threatned, and
my sin hath deserved, and streng-
then my resolution for the time
to come; Work in me a true god-
ly sorrow, that it may bring forth
in me a newness of life. Sanctifie
my thoughts with the continual
meditation of thy Commande-
ments, and mortifie those passi-
ons which provoke mee to of-
fend thee. Let not the example
of others induce me to this sin,
nor let the frailties of my flesh
seek heaven to cover it. Seal in
my heart the full assurance of
thy reconciliation, and look up-
on me with the bowells of compas-
sion, that crowning my weak de-
sires with thy all-sufficient pow-
er, I may escape the judge-
ment which thy justice hath
threatned here, and obtaine that
happinesse thy mercy hath pro-
mised hereafter.

The Procrastinator Remembrance

Tell me no more of fasting,
 prayer, and duty, they fill my
 thoughts with damp of Melan-
 choly. These be no subjects for a
 youthful ear, nor contemplation for
 an active soule: let them whom
 fullen Age hath weaned from ac-
 cuse pleasures, whom wayward
 fortune hath condemn'd to sighs
 and groanes, whom fastidious
 have beflav'd to drugs and diets;
 let them consume the remnant of
 their wretched dayes in dull de-
 votion: Let them afflict their ar-
 king soules with the unwarlike
 discourses of morality: let them
 contemplate on evill dayes, and
 read sharp lectures of their own
 experience: For me my bowels
 are full of anctions, my heart
 my blood of sprightly youth.

My faire and free estate secures
me from the feares of former
frowne. My strength of *constitu-*
tion hath the power to grapple
with sorrow, sicknesse, nay, the
very pangs of death, and over-
come: 'Tis true, God must bee
sought; What impious tongue
dare be so basely bold to contra-
dict so known a *truth*? and by re-
pentance too: What strange
impiety dare deny it? Or what
presumptuous lips dare disavow
it? But there's a *time* for all
things, yet none prefit for this,
no day designed, but *At what*
time soever: If my *unseasonable*
heart should seek him now, the
work would bee too serious for
so green a *seeker*. My *thoughts* are
yet unsettled, my *feare* yet too
too gamesome, my *judgement* yet
unsound, my *Will* unsanctified;
to seeke him with an *unprepared*

63 The Precipitators Remora's.

heart is the high way not to find him, or to find him with *unfitted* resolution is the next way to lose him; and indeed it wants but little of profaneness, to bee *unseasonably* religious. What is once to be done, is long to be deliberated. Let the boyling pleasures of the rebellious flesh *evaporate* a little, and let me draine my boggy soul from those corrupted, inbred humors of collapsed nature, and when the tender blossomes of my youthfull vanity shall begin to fade, my settled *understanding* will begin to *know*, my solid judgement will begin to *rise*, my rightly guided will be *settled*, both what to seek, and when to find, and how to prize: till then, my tender youth, in her pursuit, will bee disturb'd with every *blast* of honour, diverted with

His Repulse.

with every *pass* of pleasure, mis-
led by *Counsell*, turned back with
fear, puzzled with *doubts*, inter-
rupted by *passion*, withdrawn
with *prosperity*, and discourag'd
with *adversity*.

Take heed my soule, when
thou hast lost thy self in thy
journey, how wilt thou finde thy
God at thy journey's end? Whom
thou hast lost by too long *delay*,
thou wilt hardly find with too
late a *diligence*. Take time while
time shall serve, that day may
come when thou shalt

Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt
not finde him, *Hos. 5. 6.*

Ezay 55. 6.

Seek the Lord while he may be found,
call upon him while he is near.

Heb. 12. 17.

Hee found no place for repentance,
though he sought it with tears care-
fully.

Thou

His Presence

Thou fool, this night will I take thy
soul from thee.

Revel. 3. 21.

I gave her a space to repent, but she
repented not; Behold therefore I
will cast her.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seek God whilst thou canst not see
him, for when thou seest him,
thou canst not find him; seek him
by hope, and thou shalt finde him
by faith: In the day of grace hee
is invisible, but we see, in the day
of judgement hee is visible but far
off.

Ber. Ser. 24.

If we would not seek God in vaine,
Let us seek him in truth, often and
constantly, let us not seek another
in stead of him, nor any other
thing with him, nor for any other
thing, leave him.

O My soule, thou hast sought
wealth, and hast either not
found it, or cares with it; thou
hast sought for *pleasure*, and hast
found it, but no comfort in it;
Thou soughtest *honour*, and hast
found it, and perchance fallen
with it; Thou soughtest *friend-
ship*, and hast found it false, *socie-
ty*, and hast found it vaine: And
yet thy God, the fountaine of all
wealth, pleasure, honour, friend-
ship and society, thou hast sligh-
ted as a toy not worth the find-
ing: Be wise my soule, and blush
at thy own folly: Set thy desires
on the right object: Seek *wisdom*,
and thou shalt find knowledge,
and wealth, and honour, and
length of day: Seek *heaven*, and
earth shall deck thee; and desire
not thy *longer*, lest thou lose
thy opportunity: 10 day thou maist
find him, whom 10000 years thou
maist

mayst seek with teares and misse:
 Yesterday is too late, to morrow
 is *uncertain*, to day is onely *thine*:
 I, but my soule, I feare my too
 long delay hath made this day
 too late, feare not my soul, he that
 has given thee his *Grace* to day,
 will forget thy neglect of yester-
 day, seek him therefore by true
repentance, and thou shalt finde
 him in thy Prayer.

His Prayer.

O God, that like thy preci-
 ous Word art hid to none,
 but who are lost, and yet art
 found by all that seek thee with
 an upright heart, cast downe thy
 gracious eye upon a lost sheep of
 Israel, strayed through the vani-
 ty of his unbridled youth, and
 wandred in the wilderness of
 his own invention. Lord, I have

too much delighted in mine
own ways, and have put the evil
day too far from me; I have wal-
lowed in the pleasures of this de-
ceitfull world, which perishe in
the using, & have neglected thee
my God, at whose right hand
are pleasures for evermore: I have
drawn on iniquity, as with cart-
ropes, and have committed evil
with greedinesse: I have quencht
the motions of thy good spirit;
and have delayed to seek thee by
true and unfained repentance: In-
stead of seeking thee whom I
have lost, I have withdrawne my
self from thy presence when thou
hast sought me. It were but justice
therefore in thee to stop thine
eares at my petition, or turn my
Prayers as sin into my besome:
But Lord, thou art a gracious
God, and full of pity and un-
wearyed compassion, and thy
loving

loving kindnes is from generati-
on to generation: Lord, in not see-
king thee, I have utterly lost my
self, and if thou find me not, I am
lost for ever, and if thou find me,
thou canst not but find me in my
sins, and then thou find'st me to
my owne destruction. How mi-
serable O Lord is my condition!
How necessary is my confusion!
that have neglected to seek thee,
and therefore am afraid to bee
found of thee. But Lord, if thou
look upon the all-sufficient me-
rits of thy Son, thy justice will
bee no loser in shewing mercy
upon a sinner. In his name
therefore I present my self before
thee; in his merits I make my
humble approach unto thee, in
his name I offer up my feeble
Prayers; for his merits grant
me my petitions. Call not to
minde the rebellions of my flesh,
and

and remember not O God the
vanities of my youth ; Inflame
my heart with the love of thy
presence ; and refresh my medita-
tions with the pleasure of thy
sweetness : Let not the conside-
ration of thy justice overcome
me in despair , nor the medita-
tion of thy mercy persuade me
to presume : Sanctifie my will
by the wisdom of thy Spirit
that I may glorie in thee as the
chiefest good . Quicken my des-
ires with a fervent zeale ; that I
may seek my Creator in the
dayes of my youth ; Teach mee
to like thee according to thy
will ; and then bee sound accord-
ing to thy promise , that living
in mee here by thy grace ; I may
hereafter raige with thee in glo-
ry . Amen .

There is no such *stage* to
 make a cloake on as Religion; nothing so fashionable, no-
 thing so profitable, it is a *Livry*,
 wherein a wise man may serve
 two Masters, God and the world,
 and make a gainefull service by
 either. I serve both, and in both
my selfe, in prevaricating with
 both. Before ~~was~~ none serves his
 God with more secrete devotion,
 for which, among the best of
 men I work my own ends, and
 serve my selfe. In private I serve
 the world, not with so strict devo-
 tion, but with more delight, where
 fulfilling of her servants lusts I
 work my end, and serve my selfe.
 The house of Prayer who more
 frequents then I in all Christian
dwelling who more forward then
 I I fast with those that fast, that
 I may eat with those that eat: I
 morne with those that mourne:

No

No hand more open to the Cause
than mine; and in their families
none pray longer and with louder
scale. Thus when the opinion
of a holy life hath cryed the
goodnesse of my Conscience up,
my trade can lack no custom, my
wares can want no price, my
words can need no craft, my actions
can lack no praise. If I am ex-
posed, it is interpreted provid-
ence; if miserable, it is counted
temperance; if melancholy, it is
contrived godly sorrow, if merry,
it is voted spirituall joy; if I be
rich, 'tis thought the blessing of a
godly life; if poor, supposed the
fruit of conscionable dealing; if I
be well spoken of, it is the merit
of holy conversation; if ill, it is
the malice of Malignants; thus
I sail with every wind, and have
my end in all conditions. This
Cloake in Summer keeps mee
coole,

72 *The Hypocrites prevarication*

cool, in winter warm, and hides
the nasty Bag of all my secret
lusts: Under this Cloake I walk
in publick fairly, with applause,
and in private sin-securely, with-
out offence, and officiate wisely
without discovery. I compass
sea and land to make a *Proselyte*
and no sooner made, but he
makes me. At a *Fast* I cry *Geneva*,
and at a *Feast* I cry *Rome*. If I
be poor, I *counterfeit* abundance
to save my credit; if rich, I *dissem-
ble* poverty to save charges. I
most frequent *Schismaticall* Le-
ctures, which I find most profi-
table, from whence learning to
divulge and maintaine new do-
ctrines, they maintaine mee in
suppers thrice a weeke; I use
the help of a lie, sometimes as a
Religious stratagem to uphold
the Gospel, and I colour oppres-
sion with Gods judgement execu-
ted

ted upon the wicked. Charity
hold an extraordinary duty,
therefore not ordinarily to be per-
formed. What I openly reprove
abroad for my own profit, that I
secretly act at home, for my owne
pleasure.

But stay, I see a handwriting in
my heart damps my soul, 'tis
charactered in these sad words,
Woe be to you hypocrites, Mat. 23. 13.
The triumphing of the wicked is
short, and the joy of the hypocrite
is but for a moment, Job 20. 5.

Job 15. 34.

The congregation of the hypocrites
shall be desolate.

Plal. 14. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroy-
eth his neighbor, but through know-
ledge shall the just be delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Phari-
sees, which is hypocrisie.

Job

Job 26. 13.

The hypocrites in heart beare
wroth, they die in their youth, and
their life is amongst the unclean.

Salvian. de Gubern. Dei. L. 4.

The hypocrites love not those things
they proſeſſe, and what they pre-
ſend in words, they diſclaim in
practice; their ſin is the more dan-
nable, becauſe uſſered in with pre-
ſence of piety, having the greater
guilt, becauſe it obtaines a goodly
repute.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, then to be
thought holy; for what profit is
it to be thought to be what thou
art not? and that man double
guilt, who is not ſo holy as the
world thinks him, and counterfeits
that holineſſe which he hath not.

How like a living Sepulcher
 did I appear: without,
 beautified with gold and rich in-
 ventions; within, nothing but a
 loathed corruption; so long as this
 fair Sepulcher was clos'd, it pass'd
 for a curious Monument of the
 Skillfull Art, but being opened
 by these spirituall Keyes, tis no-
 thing but a Receptacle of offensive
 putrefaction: In what a nasty
 dungeon hast thou my soule, so
 long remain'd unfill'd? How
 wer't thou wedded to thy owne
 corruption, that couldst endure
 thy unfavoury filthinesse? The
 world hated me, because I seem'd
 good; God hated mee, because
 I onely seem'd good: I had no
 friend but my self, and this friend
 was my besome enemy: O my
 soule, is there water enough in
 Jordan to cleanse thee? Hath Gilead

Balm

Balme enough to heale thy superannuated sores: I have sinned, I am convinced, I have convicted, Gods mercy is above dimensions, when sinners have not sinned beyond repentance: thou thy sinlesse soul by a miracle for thy sin? Thou shalt see enough in his mercy, fall then my soule before his mercy seat, and he will crown thy penitence with his pardon: In what a nally

How long shall thou my soule to
How long shall thou my soule to
How long shall thou my soule to
How long shall thou my soule to
How long shall thou my soule to

O God before the brightness of thy face, all my iniquities are hid, the secrets of my heart appear, before whose clear omniscience the very entrails of my soul lie open, who art a God of righteousness and truth, and love, upright as the mountain: How can I chuse but
fear

feare to thrust into thy glorious
presence, or move my sin-
full lips to call upon that Name
which I so often have dishonour-
ed, and made a Cloake to hide
the baseness of my close trans-
gressions? Lord, when I look in-
to the progresse of my filthy life,
my guilty conscience calls mee
to so strict account, and re-
flects to mee so large an Inven-
tory of my presumptuous sinne,
that I commit a greater sinne in
thinking them more infinite
then thy mercy. But Lord, thy
mercies have no date, nor is
thy goodnesse circumscribed.
The gates of thy compassion
are alwayes open to a broken
heart, and promise entertain-
ment to a contrite spirit, the bur-
den of my sinnes is grievous,
and the remembrance of my hy-
pocrisie is intolerable. I have

finned against thy Majesty with
a high hand, but I repent mee
from the bottome of an humble
heart: As thou hast therefore gi-
ven mee sorrow for my sinnes, so
crowne that gift in the free-
nesse of remission: Bee fully re-
concill'd to me, through the all-
sufficient merits of thy Sonne
my Saviour, and seal in my affi-
cted heart the full assurance of
thy gracious favour: Be thou ex-
alted O God above the heavens,
and let mee praise thee with a
single heart, cleanse thou my
inward parts O God, and puri-
fie the cleet of my polluted
soul: Fix thou my heart O thou
searcher of all secrets, and keep
my affections wholly to thee.
Remove from mee all by and
bale respects, that I may love
thee with an upright spirit: take
not the word of truth out of
my mouth.

my mouth, nor give me over to
deceitfull lips: Give me an in-
ward reverence of thy Majesty,
that I might openly confesse thee
in the truth of my sincerity. Be
thou the only object, and end of
all my actions, and let thy ho-
nour be my great reward: Let
not the hopes of filthy lucre, or
the praise of men incline mee to
that, neither let the pleasures of
the world, nor the feares of any
loss entice me from thee. Keep
from mee those judgements my
hypocricie hath deserved, and
strengthen my resolution to ab-
horre my former life: Give me
strength O God to serve thee
with a perfect heart in the new-
ness of life, that I may bee deli-
vered from the old man, and the
steepe of death: then shall I praise
thee with my entire affections, &
glorifie thy name for ever and e-
ver.

So

The Ignorant mans faltering.

YOU tell mee, and you tell me
that I must be a *good man*,
and serve God, and doe his will;
and so I doe for ought I know:
I am sure I am as good as God
has made mee, and I can make
my self no better, so I cannot:
And as for serving God, I am
sure I go to Church as well as the
best in the Parish, though I be
not so fine; and I make no ques-
tion, if I had better clothes, but
I should doe God as much cre-
dit as another man, though I
say it: And as for doing Gods
will, I bessew mee, I leave that
to them that are better learn'd,
and can doe it more wisely: I be-
lieve the Vicar of our Parish can
doe it, and has done it too, as
well as any within five miles of

his

his head, and what need I trouble my selfe to doe what is so well done already? I hope hee being so good a *Churchman*, and so great a *Schollard*, and can speake *Latine* too, would not leave that to so simple a man as I. It is enough for mee to know, that God is a good man, and that the ten *Commandements* are the best prayers in all the book, unlesse it be the *Creede*. And that I must love my neighbour as well as he loves mee, and for all other *Qualities*, they shall never trouble my braines, as grace a God. Let mee goe a *sundeyes* and serve God, obey the *King*, (God blesse him) doe no man no wrong, say the *Lords Prayer* every morning and evening; follow my worke, give a *Noble* to the poore at my death, and then say *Lord have mercy upon mee*, & go away like a *Lamb*,

E 3

31 *The ignorant man's faltering.*

Lambe, I make no question but
I shall deserve heaven as well as
hee that weares a gayer collier. But
yet I am not so ignorant neither,
nor have not gone so often to
Church; but I know Christ died
for mee too, as well as for any
other man. I de bee sorry else,
and that, next to our Vicar, I
shall goe to heaven when a I am
dead as soone as another; nay
more, I know there bee two Sa-
craments, bread and wine, and
but two, (though the *Papists* say
there be six or seven) and that
I verily beleeve I shall be sa-
ved by those Sacraments, and
that I love God above all, or else
'twere pity of my life, and that
when I am dead and rotten (as
our Vicar told mee) I shall rise
again and be the same man I was.
But for that, hee must excuse
mee, till I have better *Justification*.

as; for all his learning, hee can-
not make me such a fool, unless he
show me a better reason for't,
then yet he has done.

But one thing hee told me,
now I think on't, troubles me
wondrously, namely, that God is
my Master, all which I confesse;
and that I must do his will (whe-
ther I know how to doe it or
no) or else it will goe ill with
me: He read it (he said) out of
Gods Bible, and I shall remem-
ber the words so long as I have a
day to live, which are these;

*Hee that knoweth not his Masters
will, and doeth things worthy of
stripes, shall be beaten with few
stripes, Luke 12. 48.*

1 Cor. 14. 20. I & T

*Brethren be not children in under-
standing, howbeit in malice be ye
children, but in understanding be
men.*

1 Cor. 13. 34.
Awake to righteousness and sinners
for ye have not the knowledge of
God, I speak it to your shame.

Ephes. 4. 18.
Walk not in the vanity of your minds
having the understanding dark-
ned, being alienated from the life
of God, through the Ignorance
which is in you, because of the
blindness of your hearts.

Levit. 5. 17.
And if a soules sin and commit any of
these things which are forbidden
to be done by the Commandments
of the Lord, though he wist it not,
yet is he guilty, and shall beare
his iniquity.

2 Thes. 1. 7, 8.

The Lord Jesus shall be revealed
from heaven, with his mighty An-
gels, in flaming fire, taking ven-
geance on them that know not
God.

Greg.

Greg. Mag. Moral.

It is good to know much, and to live well, but if we cannot attain both, it is better to desire piety then wisdom, for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth blessedness consist in intellectuall. The only brave thing is a religious life.

Iust. Mart. Resp. ad orthod.

To sin against knowledge, is so much the greater offence then an ignorant trespasse, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuse, is more baineous then the fault which admits a tolerable plea.

His Soliloquie.

HOW wel it had been for thee
 O my soule, if I had booke-
 land; Alas I cannot read, and
 what I heare, I cannot under-
 stand; I cannot profit as I should;
 E 5, and

and therefore cannot be as good as I would, for which I am right sorry: That I cannot serve as well as my betters, hath bin often a great griefe to mee, and that I have beene so ignorant in good things, hath beene a great heart-breaking unto mee: I can say no prayers for want of knowledge to read, but *Our Father*, and the *Creed*: But the comfort is, God knows my heart, but I trust in God [*Our Father*] being made by Christ himselfe, will be enough for mee that know not how to make a better. I endeavour to doe all our *Kiear* bids me; and when I receive the *Communion*, I truly forgive all the world for a fortnight after, on such a matter, but then some old injury makes mee forget my selfe, but I cannot help it, an my life should lie out. O my ingrate soul,

soule, what shall I doe to bee saved? All that I can say, is, *Lord have mercy upon me*; and all that I can doe, is, but to doe my good will, and that Ile doe with all my heart, and say my prayers too as well as God will give me leave, an grace a God.

His Prayer.

O God the Father of heaven have mercy upon me miserable sinner; I am, as I must needs confesse, a sinfull man, as my forefathers were before mee: I have heard many Sermons, and have had many good lessons from the mouths of painfull Ministers, but through the dullness of my understanding, and for want of learning I have not profited so much as else I should have.

have done: spare me therefore O God, spare me whom thou hast redeemed with thy pretious blood, and bee not angry forever: I must confesse the painfulnesse of my calling, and the heaviness of my own nature hath taken from mee the delight of hearing thy Word, and the ignorance of learning which I was never brought up to, hath kept me from reading it, that inso-much, in stead of growing better I feare I have grown worse and worse, and have bin so far from doing thy will, that I doe not understand what thy will is very well. But thou O mercifull God that didst reveale thy self to poore Shepberds and Fishermen that had no more learning then I, have mercy upon me for Jesus Christ his sake. Thou that hast promised to instruct the simple, and

and to lead the ignorant into thy way, be good and mercifull to mee I beseech thee; Thou that drawest the needy out of the dust, and the poore out of the dunghill, give me the knowledge of thy will, and teach me how to serve thee: Take from me the drowzinesse of my heart, open mine eyes that I may see the truth, and mine eares that I may understand thy Word, and strengthen my memory that I may lay it up in my heart, and shew it in my life and vocation, to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord write thy wil in my heart, that when I know it, I may doe it willingly: O teach mee what thy pleasure is, that I may doe my best to performe it. Give mee faith to lay hold of Christ, who died for me, that after I am dead,

I may arise againe, and live with him. Give me a good heart that I may deale honestly with all men, and do as I would be done to. Blesse me in my calling, and prosper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feed me and cloath me, and to give to the poore. Mend all that is amisse in mee, and expect from me according to the measure thou hast given mee. Forgive mee all my sins, and make mee willing to please thee, that living a good life, I may make a gracious death, and so at last I may come to heaven and live for ever, for Jesus Christ his sake, *Amen.*

The slothfull mans slumber.

O What a world of Curses,
the eating of the forbidden
fruit

The slothful man's flumber. 91

From hath brought upon man-
kind! and unavoidably entail'd
upon the *sons* of men! Among all
which no one appears to mee
more terrible and full of sorrow,
and bewraying greater wrath,
then that insufferable, that hor-
rible punishment of *labour*, and
to purchase Bread with so ex-
treame a price as *swear*: But O
what hap, what happinesse have
they, whose dying *Parents* have
procured a quiet fortune for
their unmolested *Children*, and
conveigh'd descended *rents* to
their succeeding heirs, whose ea-
sie and contented lives may sit
and suck the sweetnesse of their
cumberless *estates*, and with their
folded hands enjoy the *delicacies*
of this toilsome world! How
blessed, how delicious are those
resemoralls, that can finde the
way to my soft palat, and then

at-

92 *The slothful man slumber*
attend upon the wanton leasure
of my sicken *slumbers*, without
the painfull *practise* of my be-
some-folded hands, or sad con-
trivement of my luddious and
contracted *Brows*! Why should
I tire my tender youth, and tor-
ture out my groaning dayes in
toyle and travell? and discompole
the happy peace of my harmo-
nious thoughts with painfull
grinding in the common *mill* of
dull mortality? Why should I
rob my craving eyelids of their
delightfull *rest*, to cark and care
and purvey for that *Bread* which
every work-aborring *vagabond*
can finde of *Almes* at every good
mans doore? Why should I leave
the warm protection of my care-
beguiling *Dance*, to play the
droyling drudge for daily *food*,
when the young empty *Rovers*
(that have no hands to worke,
nor one *care* for *their* *owne* *need*)

The stork sat downe slumber. 93

nor providence, but heaven) can
call and be supplied? The pale
faded Lilly, and the blushing Rose,
neither spinners nor sows, yet
Princely *Salomon* was never ro-
bed with so much glory. And
shall I then afflict my body, and
beslave my heaven-born soule to
purchase Rags to cloath my na-
kednesse? Is my condition worse
then *Sheep*, ordain'd for slaugh-
ter, that crop the springing grass,
cloath'd warme in soft *Ar-
gives*; purchas'd without their
Providence or pains? Or shall the
Pamper'd *Beast* that shines with
fatnesse, and grows wanton
through his carefull *Groomes* in-
dulgence, find better measure at
the worlds too partiall hands
then I? Come, come, let those
take pains that love to leave their
names inrol'd in memorable mo-
numents of parchment, the day has
griefe

24 His Prose.

grief enough without my helpe,
and let To morrowes Shoulders
beare to morrowes burthens.

BUt stay my soule, O stay thy
rash resolves, take heed whilst
thou avoid the punishment of
sin, labour, thou meet not the re-
ward of idlenesse, a judgement,

The idle soule shall suffer hunger,

Prov. 19. 19.

Eccles. 10. 18.

By much slothfulness the building de-
cayeth, and through idlenesse of the
hands the house droppeth through.

Exod. 16. 49.

Behold, this was the iniquity of thy
sister Sodom, pride, fulnesse of
Bread, and abundance of idleness
was in her, and in her daughters,
neither did shee strengthen the
hand of the poore and needy.

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

Go to the Pismire O sluggard, be-
hold her wayes, and be wise.

For

For the having no guild, government,
nor rule, prepared for meat &
Savour, and gathered for food
in Barren.

Nilus in Parzuel.

Idleness is the wound or fountain of
all wickedness; for it consumes
and wastes the riches and virtues
which we have already, and dis-
inables us to get those we have not.

Milde in Parzuel.

Woe be to the idle soul, for she shall
dangle after that which is vain
and empty, and shall be
cloath'd with it, and shall be
as a young man in no young
man's clothes.

His Soliloquy.

HOW presumptuously hast
thou my soul, transgressed the
express Commandment of thy
God!

God! How hast thou dash't thy
 self against his *judgements*! How
 hath thy undeserving hand u-
 surp'd thy *diet*, and wear'd on
 thy back the *wages* of the paine-
 full soule! Art thou not con-
 demned to *Rags*, to *Famine*, by
 him whose law commanded thee
 to *labour*? And yet thou pam-
 per'st up thy sides with stollen
food, and yet thou deck'st thy
 wanton body with unearn'd or-
naments; whiles they that spend
 their daily strength in their
 commanded *vellings* (whose la-
 bour gives them interest in them)
 want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to
 cloath them. Thou art no young
Rever my soule, no *Lilly*. Where
ability to labour is, there provi-
 dence meets *action*, and crowns
 it: He that forbids to eark for to-
morrow, denies *Bread* to the *Idle-
 ness* of to day: Consider, O my
 soul

His Soliloquy. 97

Followe thy owne *delineation*, and
let imployment make thee capa-
ble of thy Gods *protection*: The
Bird that sits, is a faire mark for
the Fowler, while they that use
the wing escape the danger; fol-
low thy *calling*, and heaven will
follow thee with his *Blessing*:
What thou hast formerly omit-
ted, present repentance may re-
deeme, and what judgement
God hath threatened, early Peti-
tions may avert.

His Prayer.

Most great and most glori-
ous God, who for the sin
of our first parents hast condemn-
ed our fraile bodies to the pu-
nishment of labour, and hast
commanded every one a *Calling*
and

and a Trade of life, that hateth
idleness at the root of evil, and
threatneth poverty to the sloth-
full hand; I thy poore supplicant
convicted by thy Judgements and
conscious of my own transgres-
sion, fly from my self to Thee,
and humbly appeale from the
high Tribunall of thy Justice,
and seek for refuge in the San-
ctuary of thy Mercy; Lord, I have
led a life displeasing to thee, and
have been a scandall to my pro-
fession; I have slighted thy
Blessings which thy goodness
hath promised to a conscionable
calling, and have swallowed
downe the Bread of idleness; I
have impaired the Talents that
thou gavest me, and have lost the op-
portunity of doing much good.
I have filled my heart with idle
imaginations, and have laid my
self open to the lusts of the flesh.

I have abused thy favours in the
misexpending of my precious
time, and have taken no delight
in thy Sabbaths; I have doted
too much on the pleasures of
this world, and like a Drone
have fed upon the hony of Bees.
If thou O God shouldst be ex-
treme to search my wayes with
too severe an eye, thou couldst
not choose but whet thy indig-
nation, and powre the vialls of
thy wrath upon me: look there-
fore not upon my sins, O Lord,
but through the merits of my
Saviour, who hath made a full
satisfaction for all my sins: what
through my weaknesse I have
fail'd to doe, the fulnesse of his
sufferings hath most exactly
done. In him O God in whom
thou art well pleased, and for
his sake bee gracious to my sin;
Alter my heart and make it wil-
ling

ling to please thee, that in my life I may adorne my profession. Give me a care and a conscience in my calling, and grant thy blessing to the lawfull labours of my hand. Let the fidelity of my vocation improve my Talent, that I may enter into my Masters joy. Rouse up the dulnesse and deadnesse of my heart, and quench those flames of lust within mee. Assist mee O God in the redemption of my time, and deliver my soule from the evilnesse of my dayes. Let thy Providence accompany my moderate endeavours, and let all my employments depend upon thy Providence, that when the labours of this sinfull world shall cease, I may feel and enjoy the benefit of a good conscience, and obtain the rest of new *Jerusalem* in the Eternity of glory.

The proud mans Ostentation.

L'E make him feel the weight
 of displeasure, and teach him
 to *repent* his fancy boldnesse.
 How dare his basenesse once pre-
 sume to breath so near my person,
 much more to take my *name* into
 his danghill mouth? me thinks
 the lustre of my *sparkling* eye
 might have had the power to as-
 tonish him into good manners,
 and sent him backe to cast his
 minde into a fair *Petition*, hum-
 bly presented with his trem-
 bling hand. But thus to presse
 into my presence, to presse so
 neer my *face*, and then to *speake*,
 and speake to *me*, as if I were his
 equall, is more then sufferable:
 The way to be contemn'd is to
 digest *contempt*, but he that would
 be honour'd by the vulgar most

110 *The Proud mans*

wisely keep a distance : A countenance that *reserv'd* breeds fear and observation : but *affability* and too easie an *accesse* makes fooles too bold, and *reputation* cheap. What price I set upon my owne defects, instructs opinion how to prize me : That which base ignorance miscalls thy *pride*, is but a conscious knowledge of thy *merits* : dejected soules craven'd with their own distrusts, are the worlds *Footballs* to be kickt and spurn'd; but brave and true heroick spirits, that know the *strangenes* of their owne worth, shall baffle basenesse, and *presumption* into a reverentiall *silence*, and spite of envie flourish in an honourable *repute*. Come then my soule advance thy noble, thy sublimer *thoughts*, and prize thy self according to those *parts*, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none

can

can equall: Let not the insolent
affronts of vassals interrupt thy
Peace, nor seem one scruple lesse
 then what thou art: Be thou thy
 selfe, *rejoyce* thy selfe, receive thou
 honour from thy selfe, Rejoyce
 thy self in *thy self*, and prize thy
 selfe for *thy selfe*: Like *Cæsar* ad-
 mit no *equall* and like *Pompey* ac-
 knowledge no *superior*. Be co-
 verous of thine owne *Honour*,
 and hold anothers glory as thy in-
 jury. Renounce humilitie as an
Heresie in reputation and meek-
 nesse as the worst disease of a
 true bred noble Spirit. Disparage
 worth in all but in thy selfe, and
 make anothers infamy a *foyl*
 to magnifie thy glory. Let such
 as have no reason to be *proud*,
 be *humbled* of necessity, and let
 them that have no parts to va-
 lue, be *despoudent*. But as for
 thee, thy *Cards* are good, and ha-
 ving

112 His Desolation.

ving skill enough to play thy hopefull Game, vie boldly; conquer and triumph.

BUt stay my soule, the Trump is yet unturn'd, boast not too soon, nor call it a faire day till night, the turning of a hand may make such alterations, in thy flattering fortunes, that all thy glorious expectations may chance to end in losse, and unsuspected ruine. That God which thrust that *Babylonian* Prince from his Imperiall Throne, to graze with beasts, hath said,

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud, Prov. 15. 25.

Prov. 11.

When pride cometh, then cometh shame, but with the lowly is wisdom.

Ier. 11. 15.

Hear ye, and give care, and be not proud, for the Lord hath spoken.

Esay

Esay 2. 12.

The day of the Lord of Hosts shall
be upon every one that is proud,
and lofty, and upon every one that
is lifted up, and he shall be
brought low.

Prov. 16. 5.

Every one that is proud in heart is
abomination to the Lord.

St. James.

God rejecteth the proud, and giveth
grace to the simple.

Isidor. Hispal.

Pride made Satan fall from the
highest heaven, therefore they
that pride themselves in their vir-
tues, imitate the Devill, and
fall more dangerously, because
they aspire and cloube to the
highest pitch, from whence is the
greatest fall.

Greg. Mor.

Pride grows stronger in the root
 whilst it braves it selfe with pre-
 sumptuous advances, yet the
 higher it climbs the lower it falls:
 for he that heightens himselfe
 by his owne pride, is alwaies de-
 stroyed by the judgement of God.

His Soliloquy.

HOW wert thou muffled O
 my soule! How were thine
 eyes blinded with the corruption
 of thine owne heart! When I
 beheld my selfe by my own light,
 I seem'd a glorious thing; My
 sinne knew no eclipse, and all my
 imperfections were gilded over
 with vaine-glory: But now the
 day-spring from above hath shined
 upon my heart, and the diuiner
 light hath driven away those fog-
 gy

gy mists; I finde my selfe another thing: My Diamonds are all turn'd *Pebbles*, and my glory is turn'd to shame. O my deceived soule, how great a *darknesse* was thy light? The thing that seem'd so glorious, and sparkled in the night, by day appears but *rotten wood*: and that bright *Glow-worme*, that in darknesse out-shined the *Chrysolite*, is by this new-found light no better then a crawling *worm*: How inseparable O my soule is pride and folly! which like *Hippocrates* wine still live and die together? It blinds the eye, befools the judgement, knows no superiours, hates equals, disdaines inferiours, the wisemans *scorne*, and the fooles *Idoll*; Renounce it O my soule, lest thy God renounce thee; He that hath threatned to rebuke the proud, hath promised to give grace

to the *humble*, and what true *Repentance* speaks, free *mercy* heares and crownes.

His Prayer.

O God the fountain of all true Glory, and the giver of all free grace, whose Name is onely honourable, and whose workes are onely glorious, that shewest thy wayes to be meek, and takest compassion upon an humble spirit, that hatest the presence of a lofty eye, and destroyest the proud in the imaginations of their hearts, vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious eare, and hear the sighing of a contrite heart: I know O God, the quality of my sin can look for nothing but the extremity of thy wrath: I know, the crook-

crookednesse of my condition can expect nothing but the Fornace of thy indignation; I know, the insolence of my corrupted nature can hope for nothing but the execution of thy judgements: Yet Lord, I know withall, thou art a gracious God, of evill repenting thee, and slow to wrath; I know thy nature and property is to shew compassion; apt to conceive but readier to forgive: I know thou takest no pleasure in destruction of a sinner, but rather that hee should repent and live: In confidence and full assurance whereof I am here prostrate on my bended knees, and with an humble heart: Nor doe I presse into thy holy presence, trusting in my own merits, lest thou shouldest deale by me as I have dealt by others, but being encouraged by thy gracious invitation,

and

and heavy laden with the burthen
of my finnes, I come to thee O
God, who art the refuge of a
wounded soule, and the Sanctu-
ary of a broken spirit : Forgive,
O God, forgive me, what is past
recalling, and make me circum-
spect for the time to come : O-
pen mine eyes that I may see
how vaine a thing I am, and how
polluted from my very birth :
Give me an insight of my owne
corruptions, that I may truly
know, and loath my selfe. Take
from me all vaine glory, and self
love, and make me carelesse of
the worlds applause : Endue me
with an humble heart, and take
this haughty spirit from me; Give
me a true discovery of my owne
merits, that I may truly fear and
tremble at thy judgements. Let
not the worlds contempt deject
me, nor the disrespectts of man

dismay

The Covetous mans care. 119

dismay me. Take from mee O
God a scornfull eye, and curb my
tongue that speaks presumptuous
things: Plant in my heart a bro-
therly love, and cherish in me a
charitable affection; Possesse my
my soule with patience O God
and establish my heart in the
feare of thy name; that being
humbled before thee in the
meeknesse of my spirit, I may be
exalted by thee through the
freenesse of thy Grace, and crow-
ned with thee in the Kingdome
of Glory.

The Covetous Mans care.

Believe me, the Times are hard
and dangerous: Charity is
grown cold, and friends uncom-
fortable; an empty *Purse* is full
of sorrow, and hollow *Baggs* make

120. The covetous mans care,
a heavy heart: Poverty is a civill
Pestilence, which frights away
both friends and kindred, and
leaves us to a Lord have mercy
upon us: It is a sicknes very catch-
ing and infectious, and more
commonly abhord then cured:
The best Antidote against it is
angelica, and Providence, and
the best Cordiall is *Aurum po-
tabile*. Gold-taking fasting is an
approved *severaighe*. Debits are
ill humours, and turne at last to
dangerous obstructions; Lending
is a meer consumption of the ra-
dicall humour, and if consumed,
brings a patient to nothing. Let
others trust to Courtiers promi-
ses, to friends performances, to
Princes favours; Give me a Toy
call'd Gold: give me a thing call'd
Money. O blessed *Mammon*, how
extreamly sweet is thy all-com-
manding presence to my chiding
soul!

The Covetous mans care. 121

soule / In banishment thou art my
deare companion ; In captivity,
thou art my precious ransom.
In trouble and vexation thou art
my dainty rest. In sickness, thou art
my *health* ; In griefe, my only
joy ; in all extremity, my only
trust : Vertue must vaile to thee ;
Nay *Grace* it self not relisht with
thy sweetness would even displeas
the righteous palates of the sons
of men. Come then my soule, ad-
vise, contrive, project : Go, com-
passe Sea, and Land : leave no ex-
ploit untryed, no *path* untrod,
no *time* unspent ; afford thine
eyes no sleep, thy head no rest :
Neglect thy ravenous *belly*, un-
cloath thy *backe* ; deceive, be-
tray, sweare and forswear to
compasse such a *friend*. If thou be
base in birth, 'twill make thee
honorable ; If weak in power, it
will make thee *formidable* : Are
thy

122 *The covetous mans care.*
thy friends few? It will make
them *unmerciful*. Is thy cause bad?
It will make thee *Advocate*.
True *wisdom* is an excellent help,
in case it bend this way; and *learn-
ing* is a gentle Ornament, if not
too chargeable: yet by your leave
they are but estates for *terms of life*.
But everlasting Gold, if well ad-
vantag'd will not onely blene thy
dayes, but thy surviving *children*
from generation to generation.
Come, come let others fill their
braines with deare bought wit,
turn their pence into expence all
churly, and store their bolomies
with unprofitable *prery*, let them
lose all to save their imaginary
consciencs, and begger them selves
at home to be thought *honest* a-
broad; Fill thou thy *bagges* and
barres, and lay up for many yeers
and take thy rest.

But

BUt O my soule, what follows,
wounds my heart and strikes
me on my knees.

*Thou foole, this night will I take
thy soul from thee, Luk. 12. 20.
Matth. 6. 24.*

*Ye cannot serve God and Mam-
mon.*

Job 20. 15.

*He hath swallowed down riches,
and he shall vomit them up a-
gain: God shall cast them out of
his belly.*

Prov. 15. 17.

*He that is greedy of gaine troubles
his own house, but he that ha-
reth gifts shall live.*

2 Pet. 2. 3.

*Through covetousnesse they shall
with feigned words make mer-
chandize of you, whose judge-
ment now of a long time ling-
ereth not, and whose damnation
flameth not.*

Nihil

Nilus in Parznel.

Was to the covetous, for his riches
forsake him, and hell fire takes
him.

Augustine

O thou covetous man, why dost
thou treasure up such hidden
mischiefe? why dost thou dote
on the Image of the King stamped
on coine, and hatest the
Image of God that shines in
men?

Augustine.

The riches which thou treasurest
up are lost, those thou charita-
bly bestowest, are truly thine.

His Soliloquy.

WHat thinkst thou now
my soule? If the judge-
ment of holy men may not in-
form thee, let the judgements of
thy

thy angry God enforce thee :
Weigh thy owne carnall *affections*
with the sacred *Oracles* of
heaven, and light and darknesse
are not more contrary. What
thou approvest, thy God con-
demnes ; What thou desirest,
thy God forbids : Now my soul,
if *Mammon* be God, follow him ;
if *God* be God, adhere to him ;
Thou canst not serve God and
Mammon. If thy conscience
feele the *hook*, nibble no longer.
Many finnes leave thee in the
way, this followes thee to thy
lives *end* ; the *root* of evill, the
canker of all goodnesse : It *blinds*
Justice, *poysons* *Charity*, *strangles*
Conscience, *beslaves* the *affecti-*
ons, *betrayes* *friendship*, *breaks*
all relations : It is a *root* of the
Devils owne planting ; pluck it
up : Think not that a *pleasure*
which God hath threatned ; nor
that

that a *blessing* which heaven hath
 cursed : Devoure not that which
 thou or thy heire must *vomit* up :
 Be no longer possesse with such a
Devill, but cast him out : and if
 he be too strong, weaken him
 by *Fasting*, and exorcize him by
Prayer.

His Prayer.

O God that art the fulnesse of
 all riches, and the magazines
 of all treasure: in the enjoyment
 of whose favour the smallest mor-
 sell is a rich inheritance, and the
 coarsest poulse is a large portion;
 without whose blessing the grea-
 test plenty enriches not, and the
 highest diet nourishes not : How
 have I (an earthworm and no
 man) fixt my whole heart upon
 this transitory world, and neg-
 lected

led thee the only desirable good! I blush O Lord, to confesse the basenesse of my life, and am utterly ashamed of my own foolishnesse: I have placed my affections upon the nasty Rubbish of this world, and have slighted the inestimable Pearl of my Salvation; I have wallowed in the mire of my inordinate desires, and refused to bee washed in the streams of thy compassion; I have put my confidence in the faithfulness of my servant, and have doubted the providence of thee my gracious Father; I have served unrighteous Mammon with greedinesse, and have preferred dross and dung before the pearly gates of New Jerusalem. Thou hast promised to be all in all to those that fear thee, and not to fill the soul that trusts in thee; but I refused thy gracious offer,
and

and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature: But gracious God, to whom true Repentance never comes unseasonable, that findest an eare when sinners finde a tongue, regard the contrition of a bleeding heart, and withdraw not thy mercy from a penfive soule. Give mee new thoughts O God, and with thy holy Spirit new mould my desires: inform my will and sanctify my affections, that they may relish thy sweetnesse with a full delight: Create in me O God a spirituall sense, that I may take pleasure in things that are above: Give mee a contented thankfulness for what I have, that I may neither in poverty forsake thee, nor in plenty forget thee; Arm me with a continuall patience, that I may chearfully put my trust in thy providence.

Moderate

His Prayer. 129

Moderate my care for momentary things, that I may use the world as if I used it not: Let not the losse of any earthly good too much deject me, lest I should sine with my lips, and charge thee foolishly: Give me a charitable hand O God, and fill my heart with brotherly compassion, that I may chearfully exchange the corruptible treasure of this world into the incorruptible riches of the world to come, and proving a faithfull Reward in thy spirituall household, I may give up my account with joy, and be made partaker of thy eternall joy in the Kingdome of thy glory.

The

The Self-lovers Self-fraud

God hath required my heart,
 And he shall have it. God
 hath commanded truth in the
 inward parts, and he shall be ob-
 eyed: My soule shall prayse the
 Lord, and all that is within me,
 and I will serve him in the
 strength of my desires. And in
 common Cases the tongues pro-
 fession of his Name is no lesse
 then necessary: But when it lies
 upon a *life*, upon the saving of
 a *living* being, upon the flat undo-
 ing of a *reputation*, the case is al-
 tered: My *life* is deare, my faire
 possessions pretious, and my *re-
 putation* is the very Apple of
 mine eye. To save so great a
cake, me thinks equivocation is
 but veniall, if a *sinne*. If the true
 loyalty of mine heart stands sound

to my Religion and my God; my well-informed Conscience tells me that in such *extremities* my frighted tongue may take the priviledge of a *Salvo* or a mentall reservation, if not in the expressi-
on of a faire *compliance*. What? shall the reall breach of a holy *Sabbath*, dedicated to Gods highest glory, be tolerated for the welfare of an *Orator*? May that breach be set upon the score of *mercy*, and commended above *sacrifice* for the savegard of an *Affair*? And may I not dispence with a bare *supposed* deniall of my ung'd Religion for the necessary preservation of the threatned *life* of a man? for the saving of the whole *livelyhood* and subsistence of a Christian? What? shall I perish for the want of food, and die a *Martyr* to that foolish conscience which forbids me to rub the
cates

lives of a little standing *Cornel* Jacob could purchase his sick fathers blessing with a down-right lie, and may I not dissemble for a life? The young mans great possessions taught his timorous tongue to shrink from and decline his hearts profession, and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy house, canst thou in conscience be denied a *hiding room* for thy protection? The Syrian *Captain* (he whose heart was fixt on his now firme resolv'd, and true devotion) reserv'd the house of *Rimmon* for his necessary attendance; and yet went in peace. *Peter* (upon the rock of whose confession, the Church was groundd) to save his liberty, with a false, nay with a perjurd tongue; nay more, at such a time when as the *Lord of life* (in whose behalf he drew his sword)

His Retribution. 133

sword) was questioned for his innocent life, denied his *Master*; and shall I be so great an un-thrift of my blood, my life, to lose it for a meere lippe-deniall of that *Religion* which now is settled, and needs no blood to seale it?

BUt stay! my conscience checks me, there's a judgement thunders; Hark;

He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven, Matth. 10. 33.

2 Tim. 3. 1, 2.

Know that in the latter dayes, perillous times shall come;

For men shall be lovers of their owne selves,

Isai. 45. 23.

I have sworn by my selfe, the word is gone out of my mouth in

G

righte-

134 His Proofs.

righteousnesse, and shall not returne, that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall sweare.

Rom. 10. 10.
With the heart man believeth unto righteousnesse, and with the mouth confession is made to salvation.

Luke 9. 26.
Whoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in Glory.

Augustine.
The love of God and the world are two different things: if the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God forsakes thee: renounce that, and receive this, it's fit the more noble love should have the best place and acceptance.

The.

This Soliloquy. 135

Theoph.

It is not enough onely to helieve
with the heart, for God will
have us confesse with our mouth;
every one that confesses Christ
is God, shall finde Christ pro-
fessing to the Father that that
man is a faithfull servant;
but those that deny Christ shall
receive (that fearful doom Ne-
scio vos) I know you not.

His Soliloquy.

MY soule, in such a time as
this when the civill Sword
is warme with slaughter, and
the wasting kingdom welters in
her blood, wouldst thou not give
thy life to ransom her from ru-
ine? Is not the God of heaven
and earth worth many king-
domes? Is thy welfare more con-

G 2

siderable

136 *His Soliloquy.*

considerable then his *glory*? dar'st thou deny him for thy owne owne *ends*, that denied thee nothing for thy good? Is a poore clod of earth we call *Inheritance*, prizable with his greatnesse? Or a puffe of breath we call *life*, valuable with his *honour*; in comparison of whom the very *Angels* are impure? Blush O my soule at thy owne guilt: He that accounted his *blood*, his life not worth the keeping to ransom thee a wretch, lost by thy own rebellion, deserves he not the abatement of a *lust*, to keep him from a new *crucifying*? My soule, if Religion *binde* thee not, if judgments *terrifie* thee not, if naturall affection *incline* thee not, yet let common reason perswade thee to love him above a *trifle*, that loved thee above his *life*: And thou that hast so often denied him, de-

nie thy selfe for ever, and he will
own thee; repent and hee'l par-
don thee, pray to him and he will
heare thee

His Prayer.

O God, whose glory is the
end of my creation, and
whose free mercy is the cause of
my redemption, that gavest thy
Sonne, thy onely Sonne to die
for me, who else had perished in
the common deluge of thy
wrath; What shall I render for
so great a mercy? What thank-
fulnesse shall I returne for so infi-
nite a love? Alas the most that I
can do is nothing, the best that I
can present is worse then nothing,
sinne: Lord, if I yeeld my body
for a sacrifice, I offer nothing
but a lump of filth, and loath-

some putrefaction; or if I give my
soul in contribution, I yeeld thee
nothing but thy Image quite de-
faced and polluted with my lusts;
or if I spend the strength of the
whole man, and with both heart
and tongue confesse and magni-
fie thy Name; how can the prai-
ses of my sinfull lips, that breath
from such a sink, be pleasing to
thee? But Lord, since thou art
pleased in thy well-pleasing Son
to accept the poverty of my weak
endeavour, send downe thy ho-
ly Spirit into my heart, cleanse it
from the filth of my corruptions,
and make it fit to praise thee:
Lord open thou my mouth, and
my lips shall shew forth thy
praise: Put a new song into my
mouth, and I will praise thee and
confesse thee all day long; I will
not hide thy goodnesse in my
mouth, but will be showing forth
thy

thy truth, and thy salvation ; Let
thy praises be my honour, and let
thy goodnesse be the subiect of
my undaunted Song. Let neither
reputation, wealth, nor life be pre-
tious to me in comparison with
thee : Let not the worlds derision
daunt mee, nor examples of in-
firmity deject me : Give mee
courage, and wisdom to stand
for thy honour ; O make mee
worthy, able and willing to suffer
for thy Name. Lord teach me to
deny my selfe, and to resist the
motions of my owne corrupti-
ons, create in mee O God a
single heart, that I may love the
Lord Jesus in sincerity : remem-
ber not O Lord the finnes of my
youth, and pardon the hypocrisie of
my self-love. Wash me from the
staines and guilt of this my hai-
nous offence, and deliver me from
this fearfull judgement thou hast
threat.

threatned in thy Word : Con-
vince all the Arguments of my
unfancified wit, whereby I have
become an advocate to my sinne.
Grant that my life may adorn
my profession, and make my
tongue an instrument of thy glo-
ry. Assist me O God that I may
praise thy goodnesse, and declare
thy wonders among the children
of men : Strengthen my faith
that it may trust Thee ; and let
my works so shine that men may
praise thee ; That my heart be-
lieving unto righteousness,
and my tongue confessing to sal-
vation, I may be acknowledg'd
by thee here, and glorified by
thee in the Kingdome of glory.

The Worldly Mans

Verdour.

For ought I see the case is e-
 ven the same with him that
 prays, and him that does not pray;
 with him that swears, and him
 that feares an oath: I see no
 difference; if any, those that
 they call the wicked have the ad-
 vantage. Their crops are even as
 faire, their flocks as numerous as
 theirs that weare the ground
 with their religious knees, and fast
 their bodies to a skelliton; nay in
 the use of blessings (which only
 makes them so) they farre ex-
 ceed; they terme me *reprobate*,
 and stile me *unregenerate*: 'Tis
 true, I *eate* my labours with a
 jolly heart; *drinke* frolick cups;
 sweeten my paines with time-
 beguiling *sports*, make the best ad-

142 The worldly mans

usage of my owne, pray
when I thinke on't, sweare
when they urge me, hear Ser-
mons at my leasure; follow
the lusts of my owne eyes, and
take the pleasure of my own
eyes; and yet, God be thanked,
my Barnes are furnished, my sheep
strong and sound, my Cattle strong for
labour, my pastures rich and flou-
rishing, my body healthfull, and
my bags are full: whilst they that
are so pure, and make such consci-
ence of their wayes, that run to
Sermons, sitte to Lectures, pray
thrice a day by the houre, hold
fast and troth prophane, and
drinking healths a sinne, do often
sowle leane harvests, easie flocks,
and empty purses: Let them be
godly that can live on Aire and
Faith; and eaten up by Zeale, can
whet themselves into an Hospi-
tall; or blesse their lips with cha-
ritable

ritable scraps. If godlinesse have
 this reward, to have short meals
 for long prayers, weake estates for
 strong faiths, and good consciences
 upon such bad conditions, let
 them boast of their poverty, and
 let me be wicked still, and
 take my chance as falls. Let me
 have judgement to discover a profitable
 Farme, and wit to take it
 at an easie Rent, and Gold to stock
 it in a liberall manner, and skill to
 manage it to my best advantage,
 and luck to finde a good increase,
 and providence to husband wisely
 what I gaine, I seek no further,
 and I wish no more. Husbandry
 and Religion are two severall
 occupations, and look two severall
 wayes, and he is the onely wise
 man can reconcile them.

But

144 *His withering.*

BUt stay, my soule, I fear thy
reckoning failes thee; If thou
hast judgement to *discover*; wit,
to *bargaine*; Gold, to *employ*;
skill, to *manage*; providence to
dispose; canst thou command the
Clouds to *drop*? or if a wet sea-
son meet thy *Harvest*, and with
open sluices overwhelm thy
hopes; canst thou let downe the
floodgates, and stop the warry
flus? Canst thou command the
Sunne to shine? Canst thou for-
bid the *Mildewes*, or controll the
breath of the Malignant *East*? Is
not this Gods sole *Prerogative*?
And hath not that God said, *his*
armies *over* *the* *mighty* *armies* *of* *the* *earth*
When the workers of iniquity doe
flourish, it is that they shall bee
destroyed for ever, Psal. 92. 13.

Job. 21. 7.

*wherefore do the wicked live, be-
cause*

remould, ye are mighty in power?

8. Their food is established in their sight, and their offspring before their eyes.

9. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the wrath of God upon them.

10. Their Bull gendereth, and faileth not, their Cow calveth, and casteth not her Calf.

11. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance.

12. They take the Timbrell, and the Harp, and rejoice at the sound of the Organ.

13. They spend their dayes in wealth, and in a moment they go down to the Grave.

Nil. in Parenth.

Was he to him that perforce empty

and

and fading pleasures: because in
a short time he sits, and pampers
himself as a Calfe to be slaughter.

Bernard.

There is no misery more true and
real, then false and counterfeite
pleasure.

Hierom.

It's not onely difficult, but impossible
to have heaven here and hereaf-
ter: To live in sensuall lusts, and
to attain spirituall blisse; to
passe from one paradise to ano-
ther, to be a mirrour of felicity in
both worlds, to shine with glorious
rayes both in this globe of earth,
and the orbe of heaven.

His Soliloquy.

HOW sweet a feast is, till the
reckoning come! A fair day
is often in a cold night, and the
road

His Soliloquy

147

road that's pleasant, ends in *Hill*:
If worldly pleasures had the pro-
mise of *continuance*, prosperity
were some comfort; but in this
necessary *vicissitude* of good and
evill, the prolonging of ad-
versity *sharpen*s it: It is no com-
mon thing, my soule, to enjoy
two heavens: *Dives* found it in
the *present*, *Lazarus* in the fu-
ture: Hath thy encrease met with
no *damage*? thy reputation with
no *scandall*? thy pleasure, with
no *croffe*? thy prosperity, with no
adversity? Presume not: Gods
checks are *symptomes* of his mercy:
but his silence is the *Harbinger*
of a judgement. Be circumspect,
and provident my soule: Hast
thou a faire *Summer*? provide for
a hard *Winter*: The worlds *flow*
ebbes alone; it floweres not: Hee
that goes merrily with the *stream*,
must *beale up*: Flatter thy selfe
there:

therefore no longer in thy *prosperous* sin, O my deluded soule! but be truly sensible of thy own *presumption*; Look seriously into thy approaching danger, and humble thy self with true contrition: If thou procure *soure Herbs*, God will provide his *Passcover*.

His Prayer.

HOW weake is man O God, when thou forsakeſt him! How foolish are his Counsels, when he plots without thee! How wild his progresse, when he wanders from thee! How miserable till he returne unto thee! How his wit failes! How his wisdom falsters! How his wealth melts! How his providence is befool'd! and how his soule beſlav'd! Thou Rik'ſt off the Chariot wheels of

of his Inventions, and he is perplext : Thou confoundest the *Babel* of his imaginations, and he is troubled : Thou croffest his designs that he may feare thee, and thou stopst him in his wayes that he may know thee. How mercifull art thou O God, and in thy very Judgements Lord how gracious ! Thou mightst have struck me into the lowest pit as easily as on these bended knees, and yet been justified in my confusion : But thou hast threatned like a gentle father, as loth to punish thy ungracious childe. Thou knowest the crooked thoughts of man are vaine, still turning point to their contrivers ruine ; Thou saw'st me wandering in the maze of death, whilst I with violence pursued my owne destruction : But thou hast warn'd me by thy sacred Word, and took me
off

off that I might live to praise thee. Thou art my confidence O God; Thou art the rock, the rocke of my salvation. Thy Word shall be my guide; for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth; Lord when I look upon my former worldlinesse, I utterly abhorre my conversation; strengthen mee with thy assistance, that I may lead a new life; make me more and more sensible of my own condition, and perfect thou the good worke thou hast begun in me. In all my designs be thou my Counsellour, that I may prosper in my undertakings. In all my actions be thou my guide, that I may keep the path of thy Comandements. Let all my own devises come to nought, lest I presume upon the arme of flesh; let not my wealth increase without thy blessing, lest I be fatted

up against the day of slaughter.
Have thou a hand in all my just
employments, then prosper thou
the worke of my hands, O pros-
per thou my handy worke: That
little I enjoy, confirme it to me,
and make it mine, who have no
interest in it till thou owne me as
thy Child: Then shall my soule
rejoyce in thy favour, and mag-
nifie thy name for all thy mer-
cies: Then shall my lips proclaim
thy loving kindnesse, and sing thy
praises for ever and ever.

The lascivious man's Heaven.

CAN flesh and blood bee so
unnaturall to forget the
Lawes of Nature? Can blowing
youth immure it selfe within the
Icy walls of Vestall Chastity?
Can lusty diet, and mollious rest
bring

bring forth no other fruits, but
faint desires, *rigid* thoughts, and
Phlegmatick conceits? Should
we be *Becks* and *stones*, and (ha-
ving active souls) turne altoge-
ther *passives*? Must we turne *An-
chorites* and spend our dayes in
Caves, and Hermitages, and
smother up our pretious hours in
cloysterd folly, and *recluse* devo-
tion? Can rosy cheeks, can ruby
lips, can snowy breasts and spark-
ling eyes, present their *beauties*
and perfections to the sprightly
view of *young* mortality, and
must we stand like *Statues* with-
out sense or motion? Can strict
Religion impose such *cruell* tasks
and even *impossible* commands
upon the raging thoughts of her
unhappy *votaries*, as to withstand
and contradict the *instinct*, and
very principles of *Nature*? Can
false-pretending *Piety* be so bar-
barous

barous to condemn us to the flames of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our own desires? Is't not enough to conquer the rebellious *affions* of imperious flesh, but wee murther her hands, darken her eyes; nay worse, restrain the freedom of her very *thoughts*? Can full perfection be expected here? Or can our work bee *perfect* in this vale of imperfection? This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for frail, for transitory man. Come, come, wee are but men, but *flesh and blood*, and our borne frailties cannot grapple with such potent *tyranny*. What Nature and Necessity requires us to doe, is *virtuall*, being done. Come, strive no more against so strong a *stream*, but take thy fill of *beauty*; solace thy wanton heart with *amorous* contemplations, cloathe

cloathe all thy words with courtly *Rhetorick*, and soften thy lips with *Dialectica* of Love; *Surfet* thy selfe with pleasure, and melt thy passion into warme delights; Walk into Natures universall *Bower*, and pick what *Flower* does most surprize thine eye; drink of all waters, but bee tied to none. Spare neither cost nor paines, to compasse thy *Desires*; Enjoy *variation*; comparadise thy soule in *fresh* Delights. The change of pleasure makes thy pleasure double: Ravish thy senses with perpetuall *choyce*, and glut thy soule with all the *delicates* of Love.

But hold! there is a voyce that whispers in my troubled eare, a voyce that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my reason; a voyce that chills the

His Prooves. 155

the bosom of my soul, and fills me
with amazement: Hark,

*They which doe such things,
shall not inherit the kingdom
of God, Gal. 5. 21.*

Exodus 20. 14

Thou shalt not commit Adultery.

Matthew 5. 28.

*Whosoever looks upon a woman to
lust after her, hath committed
Adultery with her already in
his heart*

Rom. 13. 13

*Let us walk honestly as in the day,
not in rioting, nor in drunken-
nesse, nor in chambering, nor in
wantonnesse*

1 Peter 2. 11

*Abstain from fleshly lusts, which
warre against the soule*

Nilus in Paran.

*Woe be to the fornicator and adul-
terer, for his garment is defiled*

and

and spotted, and the heavenly
Bridegroom casts him out from
his chaste nuptials.

A world of presumptuous and hay-
nous offences do arise and spring
from the filthy fountain of ad-
ulterous lust, whereby the gate
of heaven is shut, and poore
man excluded from God.

S. Gregor. Mor.

Hence the flesh lives in sensuall de-
lights for a moment, but the
immortall soule perisbeth for
ever

His Soliloquy.

Lust is a Brand of originall
fire, raked up in the Embers
of flesh and blood, uncovered by
a naturall inclination, blown by
corrupt communication, quenched
with fasting and humiliation: It
is raked up in the best, uncovered

In the west, and blown in thee,
O my lustfull soule; O turn thy
care from the *pleadings* of Na-
ture, and make a *Covenant* with
thine eyes: Let not the language
of *Delilah* inchant thee, lest the
hands of the Philistims surprize
thee: Review thy *past* pleasures,
with the charge and paines thou
hadst to compasse them, and shew
me, where's thy pennyworth?
Foresee what *punishments* are pre-
par'd to meet thee, and tell mee,
what's thy *purchase*? Thou hast
barrerd away thy God for a *lust*;
sold thy *Eternity* for a *Trifle*; If
this bargain may not bee recald
by *teares*, dissolve thee O my
soule into a Spring of *waters*: If
not to bee reverit with *price*, re-
duce thy whole estate into a
Sackcloth, and an *ash robe*. Thou
whose liver hath scorcht in the
flames of lust, bumble thy heart

in the ashes of Repentance: and as with *Eſau* thou haſt ſold thy Birthright for *Broth*, ſo with *Jacob* wreſtle by *prayer* till thou get a bleſſing.

His Prayer.

O God, before whoſe face the Angels are impure; before whoſe clear omnſcience all Actions appear, to whom the very ſecrets of the hearts are open; I here acknowledge to thy glory and my ſhame, the filthineſſe and vile impurity of my nature: Lord I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthineſſe my mothers wombe enclorſed me, brought forth in filthineſſe, and filthy in my very innocency, filthy in the motions of my fleſh, and filthy in the apprehenſions of my ſoul: my
words

words all cloath'd with filthinesse, and in all my actions filthy and unclean, in my inclination filthy, and in the whole course of my life nothing but a continued filthinesse. Wash me O God, and make me clean, cleanse me from the filthinesse of my corruption; Purge me O Lord with Hyssop, and create a clean heart within me: Correct the vagrant motions of my flesh, and quench the fiery darts of Satan; Let not the Law of my corrupted members rule mee; O let concupiscence have no dominion over me: Give me courage to fight against my lusts, and give my weaknesse strength to overcome; make sharpe my sword against this body of sinne, but most against my *Dalilah*, my bosome sin. Deliver me from the tyranny of temptation, or give me power to

Subdue it : Confine the liberty of my wanton appetite, and give me temperance in a sober diet ; Grant me a heart to strive with thee in Prayer, and hopefull patience to attend thy leisure ; Keep me from the habit of an idle life, and close mine eares against corrupt communication ; Set thou a watch before my lips, that all my words may savour of sobriety : Preserve me from the vanity and pride of life, that I may walke blamelesse in my conversation ; Protect me from the fellowship of the unclean, and from all such as are of evill report. Let thy grace O God be sufficient for me, to protect my soule from the buffetings of Satan ; Make me industrious and diligent in my calling, lest the enemy get advantage over mee : In all my temptations let mee have recourse to thee. Be thou
my

my refuge when I call upon thee;
 Porgive O God the finnes of my
 youth, O pardon the multi-
 tudes of my secer sinnes: En-
 crease my hatred to my former
 life, and strengthen my resoluti-
 on for the time future; Hear me
 O God, and let the words of my
 mouth be alwaies acceptable to
 thee, O God my strength and
 my Redeemer.

*The Sabbath-breakers Pro-
 phanation.*

THe glittering Prince that
 sits upon his regall, and im-
 periall Throne, and the ignoble
Peasant that sleeps within his
 sordid house of Thatch are both
 alike to God: An *Ivory* Temple
 and a Church of *Clay* are priz'd

182 *The Sabbath-breakers*

alike by him : The flesh of *Bulls*,
and the perfumes of *Myrre* and
Cassia smock his Altars with an
equall pleasure : And does he
make such difference of *dayes* ?
Is he that was so weary of the
New-Moones, so taken with the
Sun to tie his *Sabbath* to that on-
ly day ? The *tenth* in tithes is any
one in *ten*, and why the seventh
day not any one in *seven* ? We
sanctifie the day, the day not us :
But are we *Jewes* ? Are we still
bound to keepe a *legall* Sabbath
in the strictnesse of the Letter ?
Have the Gentiles no priviledge
by vertue of *Messiahs* comming,
or has the *Evangelicall* Sabbath
no immunities ? The service done
the *day's* discharged, my *libertie*
restored ; And if I meet my
profits, or my *pleasures* then, I'll
give them entertainment. If *busi-
nesse* call me to account, I dare
afford

afford a carefull care. Or if my
sports invite me, I'll entertaine
 them with a cheerfull heart : I'll
 goe to *Mattens* with as much de-
 votion as my neighbour, I'll
 make as low *abeyssance*, and as
 just *response* as any; but as soon as
Even-song's ended, my Church-
 devotion and my *Psalter* shall
 sanctifie my *Pae* till the next
 Sabbath call; Were it no more
 for an old *custome* sake, then for
 the good I finde in Sabbaths, that
Cremency might as well be spa-
 red. It is a day of *Rest*; And
 what's a *Rest*? A relaxation
 from the toile of *labour*: And
 what is *labour* but a painfull ex-
 ercise of the fraile body? But
 where the *exercise* admits no
 toile, there *Relaxation* makes no
Rest: What labour is it for the
worldly man to compass Sea and
 Land to accomplish his desires?

H 4 What

184 His extirpation.

What labour is it for the impatient *lover* to measure Hellespont with his widened armes to hasten his *delight*? What labour for the youth to number musick with their sprightly *paces*? Where pleasure's reconcild to labour, labour is but an active rest; Why should the Sabbath then, a *day of rest*, divorce thee from those delights that make thee *Rest*? Afflict their soules that please, my rest shall be what most conduces to my hearts *delight*. Two houres will vent more *prayers* then I shall need, the rest remaines for *pleasure*.

Conscience, why start'st thou?
CA judgement strikes me
 from the mouth of heaven, and
 saith,
*Whoever doth any worke on my
 Sabbath, his soule shall be cut off.*
 Exod. 31. 14. Exod.

Exod. 20.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day; six dayes shalt thou labour, and doe all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you.

Exod. 31. 13.

Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your Generations.

Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices, and oynments, and rested on the Sabbath day according to the Commandement.

Gregor.

We ought upon the Lords day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to addict our selves to prayers, that whatsoever

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hath been done amisse the weeke
before, may upon the day of our
Lords resurrection be expia-
ted and purged by fervent pray-
ers.

Cyt. Alex.

Sin is the storehouse of death and
misery, it kindles flames for it's
dearest friends. Therefore who-
soever when he should rest from
sin, busies himselfe in the dead
and fruitlesse workes of wicked-
nesse, and renouncing all piety,
lusts after such things as will
bring him into eternall destruc-
tion, and everlasting flames, just-
ly deserves to die and perish with
the damned, because when he
might have enjoyed a pious rest,
he laboured to run headlong
to his own destruction.

His

His Soliloquy.

MY soule, how hast thou prophaned that day, thy God hath sanctified. How hast thou encroach'd on that which heaven hath set apart! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath *twelve hours*, what happiness canst thou expect in a perpetuall Sabbath? Is sixe dayes *too little* for thy selfe, and two houts *too much* for thy God? O my soule, how dost thou prize *temporalls* beyond *eternalls*? Is it equall that God who gave thee a body, and sixe *dayes* to provide for it, should demand *one day* of thee, and be denied it? How *liberall* a receiver art thou, and how *miserable* a *Requyer*! But know my soule, his Sabbaths are the *Apple* of his eye: He that hath power to vindicate the
breach

breach of it, hath threatned
 judgements to the *breaker* of it.
 The God of mercy that hath mi-
 rigated the *rigour* of his for chari-
 ty sake, will not diminish the bo-
 nour of it for prophaneſſe ſake: &
 forget not then my ſoule to re-
 member his *Sabbaths*, and re-
 member not to forget his judge-
 ments, leſt he forget to remem-
 ber thee in *Mercy*: What thou
 haſt neglected, bewaile with *con-
 trition*, and what thou haſt repen-
 ted, ſortake with *reſolution*, and
 what thou haſt reſolved ſtrength-
 en with *devotion*. O Lord I praye

thy ſervant thy ſervant thy ſervant
 thy ſervant thy ſervant thy ſervant
 thy ſervant thy ſervant thy ſervant
 thy ſervant thy ſervant thy ſervant

O Eternall juſt, and all diſcer-
 ning Judge; in thy ſelfe,
 glorious; in thy Son, gracious;
 who cryeſt without a witneſſe,
 and

and condemnest without a jury;
O ! I confesse my very actions
have betrayed me, thy word hath
brought in evidence against me,
my own conscience hath witness-
sed against me, and thy judge-
ment hath past sentence against
me: And what have I now to
plead but mine owne misery, and
whether should that misery flee
but to the God of mercy? And
since O Lord the way to mercy
is to leave my selfe, I here dis-
claim all interest in my selfe, and
utterly renounce my selfe; I that
was created for thy glory, have
dishonoured thy Name; I that
was made for thy service, have
prophaned thy Sabbath; I have
sleighted thy Ordinances, and
turned my back upon thy San-
ctuary; I have neglected thy Sa-
craments, abused thy Word, de-
spis'd thy Ministers and despis'd
their

their ministry; I have come into
thy Courts with an unprovided
heart, and have drawn near with
untimethed lips; And Lord I
know thou art a jealous God,
and most severe against all such
as violate thy Rest; The glory of
thy Name is precious to thee,
and thine honour is as the Apple
of thine eye; But thou O God
that art the God of Hosts, hast
published and declared thy selfe
the Lord of mercy; The consti-
tution of thy Sabbath was a work
of time, but Lord thy mercy is
from all eternity; I that have
broke thy Sabbaths, do here pre-
sent thee with a broken heart;
thy hand is not shorned that
thou canst not heale, nor thy ear
deafened that thou canst not hear;
Stretch forth thy hand O God
and heal my wounds. Bow down
thine ear O Lord, and heare my
Prayers;

Prayers ; Alter the fabrick of my
finfull heart, and make it tender
of thy glory ; Make me ambitio-
ous of thy service, and let thy Sab-
baths be my whole delight ; Give
me a holy reverence of thy Word,
that it may prove a light to my
steps and a Lanthorn to my feet.
Endue my heart with Charity
and Faith that I may finde a com-
fort in thy Sacraments. Blesse
thou the Ministers of thy sacred
Word, and make them holy in
their lives, sound in their doctrine
& laborious in their callings. Pre-
serve the universall Church in
these distracted times ; give her
peace, unity, & uniformity, purge
her of all Schisme, error and super-
stition ; Let the Kings daughter be
all glorious within, and let thine
eyes take pleasure in her beauty,
that being honor'd here to be a
member of her Militant, I may
be

172 *The Censorious mans*
bee glorified with her trium-
phant.

*The Censorious mans Cri-
mination.*

I Know there is much of the seed
of the Serpent in him by his
very looks, if his words betray'd
him not; He hath eaten the Egge
of the Cockatrice, and surely he
remaineth in the state of *perdition*;
He is not within the *Cove-*
nant, and abideth in the Gall of
bitternesse; His studied Prayers
show him to be a high *Malig-*
nant, and his *Jesu worship* con-
cludes him popishly affected; He
comes not to our private meet-
ings, nor contributes a penny to
the *cause*: He cries up *learning*,
and the book of *Common-prayer*,
and takes no armes to hasten *Re-*
formation;

formation; He feares God for his owne ends, for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, and goes a whooring after his owne inventions: He can hear an oath from his superiours without reproof, and the heathenish Gods named without spitting in his face: Wherefore my soule detesteth him, and I will have no conversation with him; for what fellowship hath light with darknesse, or the pure in heart with the unclean? Sometimes he is a *Publican*, sometimes a *Pharisee*, and alwayes an *Hypocrite*; He sailes against the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Iesus*; he is quick-sighted to the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoyceeth at our failings, he honours not a preaching ministry, and too much leans

174 *The Censorious mans &c.*

to a *Church-government* ; hee
paints *devotion* on his face, whilst
pride is stamp't within his heart ;
he places sanctity in the walls of a
Steeple-house, and adores the *Sa-*
crament with his popish knee ;
His Religion is a *Weathercock*, and
turns breſt to every *blast* of wind.
With the pure he *seems pure*, and
with the wicked he will joyne in
fellowship ; A *sober* language is in
his mouth, but the *poysen* of Aſps
is under his tongue : His *works*
conduce not to *edification*, nor are
the motions of his heart *sanctifi-*
ed ; He adores great ones for *pro-*
ferment, and speaks too partially
of *authority* : He is a *Laodicean* in
his *faith*, a *Nicotane* in his
works, a *Pharisee* in his *disguise*,
a rank *Papist* in his *heart*, and I
thanke my God I am not as this
man.

But

His Commination. 175

BUt stay my soule, take heed
whilst thou judgest another,
lest God judge thee; how com'st
thou so expert in *another's* heart,
being so often deceived in thy
own? A *Saul* to day, may prove a
Paul to morrow; Take heed
whilst thou wouldst seem religi-
ous thou appear not *uncharnable*;
and whilst thou judgest man, thou
be not judg'd of God, who saith,
Judge not, lest ye be judged, Mat.

7. 1.

John 7. 24.

*Judge not according to appearance,
but judge righteous judgement.*

Rom. 14. 10.

*But why dost thou judge thy bro-
ther? or why dost thou set at
nought thy brother? We shall all
stand before the judgement seat
of Christ.*

1 Cor. 4. 5.

*Judge nothing before the time, un-
till*

till the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darknesse, and will make manifest the counsell of the heart.

Rom. 14. 13.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block, or an accusation to fall in his brothers way.

Psal. 50. 6.

God is judge himselfe.

St. Augustine.

Apparant and notorious iniquities ought both to be reprov'd and condemn'd, but we should never judge such things as we understand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evill intent.

St. Augustine.

When thou knowest not apparantly, judge charitably; because it's better

His Soliloquy. 177

better to thinke well of the wicked, then by frequent censuring to suspect an innocent man guilty of an offence.

St. Augustine.

The unrighteous Iudge shall bee justly condemned.

His Soliloquy.

HAs thy brother, O my soul, a beam in his eye? And hast thou no mote in thine? Clear thy owne, and thou wilt see the better to cleanse his: If a *Thiefe* bee in his Candle, blow it not out, lest thou wrong the *flame*, but if thy *snuffers* be of Gold, snutte it: Has he offended thee? *Forgive* him: Hath he trespassed against the Congregation? *Reprove* him: Hath he sinned against God? *Pray* for him. O my soule, how uncharitable

charitable hast thou been? How
Pharisaically hast thou judg'd?
Being sick of the *lambdies*, how
hast thou censur'd another *yellow*?
And with blotted fingers made
his *blurre* the greater? How has
the *pride* of thine owne heart
blinded thee toward thy selfe?
How *quick sighted* to another!
Thy brother has slipt, but thou
hast fallen, and hast blancht thy
owne *impiety* with the publishing
his *sin*: Like a *Flie*, thou stingest
his sores, and feed'st on his corrup-
tions; Iesus came eating and
drinking, and was judg'd a
glutton; Iohn came fasting, and
was challeng'd with a *devill*;
Judge not my soule, lest thou be
judged; maligne not thy bro-
ther, lest God laugh at thy de-
struction: Wouldst thou escape
the punishment? *judge thy selfe*:
Wouldst thou avoid the sin? *humble*
thy selfe.

His Prayer.

O God that art the onely
 searcher of the Reines, to
 whom the secrets of the heart of
 man are only known; to whom
 alone the judgement of our
 thoughts, our words & deeds be-
 long, and to whose sentence we
 must stand or fall, I a presumptu-
 ous sinner that have thrust into
 thy place and boldly have presu-
 med to execute thy office, do here
 as humbly confesse the insolence
 of mine attempt, and with a sor-
 rowfull heart repent me of my
 doings; and though my convin-
 ced conscience can look for no-
 thing from thy wrathfull hand
 but the same measure which I
 measured to another, yet in the
 confidence of that mercy which
 thou hast promised to all those
 that

that truly and unfainedly beleeeve,
I am become an humble sutor for
thy grations pardon: Lord, if thou
search me but with a favourable
eye, I shall appeare much more
unrighteous in thy sight, then this
my uncharitably condemned bro-
ther did in mine. O looke not
therefore, Lord, upon me as I am,
lest thou abhor me; but through
the merits of my blessed Saviour,
cast a grations eye upon me; Let
his humilitie satisfie for my pre-
sumption, and let his meritorious
sufferings answer for my vile un-
charitablenesse; let not the voice
of my offence provoke thee with
a stronger cry, then the language
of his Intercession. Remove from
me O God all spirituall pride, and
make me little in my own con-
ceit; Lord light me to my selfe,
that by thy light I may discern
how dark I am; Lighten that
darke-

darknesse by thy holy Spirit,
 that I may search into my own
 corruptions. And since O God
 all gifts and graces are but no-
 thing, and nothing can be accep-
 table in thy sight without chari-
 ty; quicken the dullnesse of my
 faint affections, that I may love
 my brother as I ought; Soften
 my marble heart that it may
 melt at his infirmities; Make
 me carefull in the examination
 of my owne wayes; and most
 severe against my owne offences:
 Pull out the beam out of mine
 owne eye, that I may see clear-
 ly, and reprove wisely. Take from
 me O Lord, all grudging, envy,
 and malice, that my reasonable
 reproofs may win my brother.
 Preserve my heart from all cen-
 sorious thoughts, and keep my
 tongue from striking at his name:
 Grant that I make right use of
 I his

18. *The Liars Fallacies.*

his Infirmities, and read good
Lessons in his failings, that loving
him in thee, and thee in him ac-
cording to thy command, wee
may both bee united in thee as
members of thee, that thou may-
est receive honour from our com-
munion here, and we eternall
glory from thee hereafter in the
world to come.

The Liars Fallacies.

NAY if Religion be so strict
a Law to binde my tongue
to the necessity of a truth on all
occasions, at all times, and in all
places, the gate is too *strait* for me
to enter; Or if the generall rules
of down-right truth will admit
no few exceptions, farewell all ho-
nest *speech*, farewell all *exacting*,
farewell the whole converse be-

The Liars Fallacies 183

twixt man and man: If alwayes
to speak punctuall truth bee the
true *Symptomes* of a blessed soule;
Tom Tell truth has a happy time,
and fooles and children are the
only men. If *truth* sit Regent, in
what faithfull breast shall *secrets*
finde repose? What *kingdome* can
be safe? What *Common wealth*
can be secure? What *warre* can
be successfull? What *Stratagem*
can prosper? if bloody times
should force Religion to shrowd
it selfe beneath my roose; upon
demand, shall my false truth be-
tray it; Or shall my brothers life,
or shall my owne be seisd upon
through the cruell truth of my
down-right *confession*? or rather
not be secured by a faire *officious*
lie? shall the righteous *Favorites*
of Egypts *Tyrant*, by verue of a
loud *lie*, sweeten out his joy and
beighthen up his soft affection
I 3 with

184 *The Lyars Fallacies.*

with the *Antiperistasis* of reares,
and may I not prevaricate with a
sullen truth to save a brothers *life*,
from a bloodthirsty hand? shall
Jacob and his too indulgent *mo-*
ther, conspire in a *lie* to purchase
a paternall *blessing* in the false
name, and habit of a supplanted
brother, and shall I question to
preserve the granted blessing of a
life, or *livelihood*, with a harme-
lesse lie? Come, come, my soul,
let not thy timorous *conscience*
check at such poor things as these:
So long as thy officious tongue
aymes at a just *end*, a lie is no of-
fence: So long as thy perjurious
lips confirme not thy untruth
with an *audacious* brow, thou
needst not feare: The weight of
the *cause* releevs the burthen of
the *Crime*: Is thy *Center* good?
No matter how crooked the
lines of the *circumference* be: *Pa-*
licie

The Lyars Fallacies. 185

licie allowes it : If thy journies end be heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy journey be, *Divinity* allowes it : Wilt thou condemn the *Egyptian Midwives* for saving the *infant* *Iraelites* by so merciful a lie? When martial execution is to be done, wilt thou fear to kill? When hunger drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou be afraid to *steale* ? When civill warres divide a Kingdome, will *Mercuries* decline a lie? No, circumstances *excuse*, as well as make the lie; Had *Cesar*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by such strict *Divinity*, their names had been as silent as their *dust* : A lie is but a faire put off, the *sanctuary* of a secret, the *riddle* of a lover, the *stratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Statesman, and a *salve* for many desperate sores.

But hark, my soule, there's
something rounds mine eare,
and calls my language to a recan-
tation; The Lord hath spoken it,
Liers shall have their part in
the lake which burneth with fire
and brimstone, Revel. 21.8.

Exod. 20.

Thou shalt not raise a false report.

Levit. 19. 11.

Thou shalt not deal falsely, neither lie
one to another.

Prov. 11. 22.

Lying lips are abomination to the
Lord, but they that deal truly
are his delight.

Prov. 19. 5.

He that speaketh lies shall not
escape.

Ephes. 4. 25.

Put away lying, and every one
speak truth with his neighbour,
for we are members one of ano-
thers. Revel.

Revel. 21. 27.

There shall in no wise enter into
the new Ierusalem any thing
that worketh abomination, or
that maketh a lie.

S. Augutline.

Whosoever thinkes there is any
kind of lie that is not a sin, shame-
fully deceives himself, mistaking
elying or consoning knowe for a
square or honest mean.

Gregory

Eschew and avoid all falshood,
though sometime certain kind of
untruths are lesse sinfull, as to tell
a lie to save a man's life; yet be-
cause the Scripture saith, The ly-
er slayeth his own soul, and God
will destroy them that tell a lie;
wherefore, religious and honest men
should alwayes avoid even the best
sort of lies, neither ought another
man's life be secured by our false-

head or lying, lest we destroy our
owne soule, in labouring to secure
another mans life.

His Soliloquy.

WHat a child O my soule,
hath thy false bosome
harbord! And what reward can
thy indulgence expect from such
a father? What blessing canst thou
hope for from heaven, that plea-
dest for the son of the devill, and
crucifyest the Son of God? God is
the Father of truth; To secure
thy estate thou deniest the truth,
by framing of a lie. To save thy
brothers life, thou opposest the
truth in justifying a lie. Now tell
me O my soul, art thou worthy
the name of a Christian, that de-
nyest and opposest the nature of
Christ? Art thou worthy of
Christ

His Soliloquy. 189

Christ that preferrest thy estate,
or thy brothers life before him?
O my unrighteous soule, canst
thou hold thy brother worthy of
death for giving thee the lie, and
thy selfe guiltlesse that makest a
lie? I, but in some cases truth de-
stroyes thy life; a *lie* preserves it:
My soule, was God thy *Creator*?
then make not the devill thy *pre-*
server: Wilt thou despair to trust
him with thy life that gave it,
and make him thy *Protector*
that seeks to destroy it? Reforme
thee and repent thee, O my soul;
hold not thy life on such condi-
tions, but trust thee to the hands
that made thee.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of truth, whose word is truth, that hatest lying lips, and abhorrest the deceitfull tongue, that banishest thy presence all such as love or make a ly, and lovest truth, and requirest uprightnesse in the inward parts, I the most wretched of the sonnes of men, and most unworthy to be called thy son, make bold to cast my sinfull eyes to heaven; Lord I have sinned against heaven and against truth, and have turned thy grace into a lie; I have renounced the wayes of righteousness, and harbour'd much iniquity within me, which hath turned thy wrath against me; I have transgressed against the checks of my own conscience, and have vanquished of my transgression which

which way soever I turne mine eye, I see no object but shame and confusion: Lord, when I look upon my selfe, I finde nothing there, but fuel for thy wrath and matter for thine indignation, and my condemnation. And when I cast mine eyes to heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a severe revenger; But Lord at thy right hand I see a Saviour, and a sweet Redeemer; I see thy wounded Son clothed in my flesh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous transgressions; for which my soule doth magnifie thee O God, and my spirit rejoyceth in him my Saviour; Lord, when thou lookest upon the vast score of my offences, turne thine eyes upon the infinite merits of his satisfaction; O when thy justice calls to mind my sinnes, let not thy mercy forget

forget his sufferings; Wash mee,
O wash me in his blood, and thou
shalt see me cloathed in his righ-
teousnesse: Let him that is all in
all to me, be all in all for me;
make him to me sanctification,
justification and redemption: In-
spire my heart with the spirit of
thy truth, and preserve me from
the deceitfulnesse of a double
tongue: Give me an inward con-
fidence to relie upon thy fatherly
providence, that neither fear may
deterre me, nor any advantage
may turne me from the wayes
of thy truth: Let not the speci-
ous goodnesse of the end encour-
rage me to the unlawfulness of
the meanes, but let thy Word be
the warrant to all my actions;
Guide my footsteps that I may
walke uprightly, and quicken my
conscience, that it may reprove
my failings: Cause me to feel the
burthen

burthen of this my habituall sin,
that comming to thee by a true
and serious repentance, my sins
may obtaine a full and a grati-
ous forgivenesse: Give me a heart
to make a Covenant with my lips,
that both my heart and tongue
being sanctified by thy Spirit,
may be both united in truth by
thy mercy, and magnifie thy
name for ever, and for ever.

The revengefull mans rage.

O What a *Jolip* to my
scorching soul is the de-
licious blood of my *Offender*! and
how it cooles the burning *Fever*
of my boyling *veynes*! It is the
Quintessence of pleasures, the
height of satisfaction, and the
very

124. *The Revengefull*

very narrow of all delight, to
bathe and paddle in the blood of
such, whose bold affronts have
turn'd my wounded pat encorn-
to fury? How full of sweetnesse
was his death, who dying was
reveng'd upon three thousand
enemies? How sweetly did the
younger brothers blood allay the
soul-consuming flames of the el-
der, who took more pleasure in
his last breath, then heaven d d
in his first Sacrifice? Yet had
not heaven condemned his acri-
on, nature had found an *Advo-*
cate for his passion: What hur-
dy spirit hath the power to rule
his suffering thoughts, or curbe
the headstrong fury of his *Ir-
ascible* affections? Or who but
fooles (that cannot rate an inju-
ry) can moderate their high-
bred spirits, and stop their passion
in her full career? Let heavy Cy-
nicks,

nicks, they whole leaden foules
are taught by stupid reason to
stand *bent* at every wrong, that
can digest an injury more easily
then a complement, that can pro-
tect against the Lawes of *Nature*,
and cry all naturall *affection*
downe, let them be *Androns* for
the injurious world to worke a
Heat upon: let them finde should-
ers to receive the painefull *strips*
of peevish Mortalls, and to bear
the wrongs of daring insolence:
Let them be drawne like Calves
p^repar'd for slaughter, and bow
their servile necks to sharp de-
struction: let them submit their
flavish *bosomes* to be trod and
trampled under foot for every
pleasure: My Eagle *spirit* flies a
higher pitch, and like ambitious
Phaeton climbs into the fiery
Chariot, and drawne with fury,
seeme, revenge, and honor, ram-
bles

196 *His Retaliation.*

bles through all the *sphaeres*,
and brings with it confusion and
combustion: my reeking sword
shall vindicate my reputation,
and rectifie the injuries of my
honorable name, and quench it
felse in plenteous streames of
blood. Come tell not mee of
Charity, conscience, or trans-
gression; My *Charity* reflects up-
on my self, begins at home, and
guided by the *justice* of my pas-
sion, is bound to labour for an ho-
nourable *satisfaction*: My con-
science is blood-prooffe, and I can
broach a life with my illustrious
weapon with as little *reluctation*,
as kill a Flea that sucks my blood
without *Comission*, and I can
drinke a *health* in blood upon my
bended knee, to reputation.

BUt hark my soule, I heare a
Blanguishing, a dying *voyce*
cry up to heaven for vengeance;
It

It cries aloud, and thunders in
my startling ear; I tremble and
my shivering bones are filled
with horror; It cries again to me,
and heare what heaven replies,

All that take up the sword shall
perish by the sword, Match 25. 52.

Levit. 19. 18.

Thou shalt not avenge, or bear any
grudge against the children of my
people, but thou shalt love thy
neighbour as thyselfe: I am the
Lord.

Deut. 32. 35

To me belongeth vengeance and
recompence.

Ezek. 25. 15, 17.

Because Edom hath done a-
gainst the house of Judah, by ta-
king vengeance, and hath greatly
offended, and revenged himselfe
upon them:

Therefore thus saith the Lord God,
I will also stretch out mine hand
upon

upon Edom, and will cut off man
and beast from it.

Math. 5. 39.

Resist not evil, but whosoever shall
smite thee on the right cheek, turn
to him the other also.

Tertull.

What's the difference between one
that doth an injury, and another
that outrageously suffers it except
that the one is first and the other
second in the offence. But both
are guilty of mutuall injury in the
sight of God; who forbids every
sinne, and condemnes the offend-
ers.

Tertull.

How can we honour God if we re-
venge our selves?

Gloss.

His Soliloquy. 199

Gloss.

Every man is a murdherer, and shall be punished as Cain was if he doe (as Cain did) either assault his brother with violence, or pursue him with hatred.

His Soliloquy.

REVENGE is an Act of the *Irascible* affection, actuated with malice, and executed without mercy: How often O my soule hast thou curst thy selfe in the perfectest of Prayers? How often hast thou turn'd the spirituall body of thy Saviour into thy damnation? Can the Sun rise to thy comfort, that hath so often set in thy wrath? So long as thy wrath is kindled against thy brother, so long is the wrath of God

God burning against thee? O, wouldst thou offer a pleasing *sacrifice* to heaven? Goe first and be *reconciled* to thy brother. I, but who shall right thy *honour* then? Is thy honour wrong'd? *Forgive*, and it is vindicated. I, but this kinde of heart-swelling, can brook no *Powtresse* but revenge. Take heed, my soule, the *remedy* is worse then the disease. If thy intricate *disorder* transcend thy power, make choyce of a *Physician* that can purge that *humour* that fomenteth thy *malady*. Rely upon him; submit thy *will* to his directions; he hath a tender heart, a skilfull hand, a watchfull eye, that makes thy *welfare* the price of all thy *paines*, expecting no reward, no *fee*, but *praises*, and Thanksgiving.

O God, that art the God of peace, and the lover of unity and concord, that dost command all those that seek forgiveness, to forgive; that hastest the froward heart, but shewest mercy to the meek in spirit: With what a face can I appeare before thy mercy-seat, or with what countenance can I lift up these hands thus stained with my brothers blood? How can my lips, that daily breathe revenge against my brother, presume to own thee as my father, or expect from thee thy blessing, as thy childe? If thou forgive my trespasses O God, as I forgive my trespassers, in what a miserable estate am I, that in my very prayers condemn my selfe, and doe not only limit thy compassion by my uncharitableness, but draw thy judgements on my head

head for my rebellion? That heart O God which thou requir-
est as a holy present, is become
a spring of malice; These hands
which I advance, are ready instru-
ments of base revenge. My
thoughts, that should be sanctifi-
ed, are full of blood, and how to
compasse evil against my bro-
ther is my continuall meditati-
on: The course of all my life is
wilfull disobedience, and my
whole pleasure, Lord, is to dis-
please thee: My conscience hath
accused me, and the voyce of
blood hath cryed against me: But
Lord, the blood of Jesus cries
louder then the blood of *Abell*,
and thy mercy is farre more in-
finite then my sinne. The blood
that was shed by me cries
for vengeance, but the blood that
was shed for me, sues for mercy;
Lord heare the language of this
blood,

blood; and by the merits of this
voyce be reconciled unto me.
That time which cannot be re-
called, O give me power to re-
deem, and in the meane time a
settled resolution to reform. Sup-
presse the violence of my head-
strong passion, and establish a
meek spirit within me. Let the
sight of my own vilenesse take
from me the sense of all disgrace,
and let the Crown of my repu-
tation be thy honour; Possesse
my heart with a desire of unity
and concord, and give me patience
to endure what my impenitence
hath deserved. Breath into my
soule the spirit of love, and direct
my affections to their right ob-
ject; turn all my anger against
that sinne that hath provoked
thee, and give me holy revenge,
that I may exercise it against my
selfe. Grant that I may love thee
for

204 *The secure mans*

for thy selfe, my selfe in thee, and
my neighbour as my selfe: Assist
me O God, that I may subdue all
evill in my selfe, and suffer pas-
siently all evill as a punishment
from thee. Give me a mercifull
heart O God: make it slow to
wrath, and ready to forgive: Pre-
serve me from the act of evill,
that I may be delivered from the
fear of evill: that living here in
charity with men, I may receive
thine inheritance. *Come ye blessed,*
in the kingdom of glory

The secure mans Triumph.

O now my soule thy happi-
nesse is *entailed*, and thy illu-
strious name shall live in thy *suc-
ceeding* Generations; Thy dwell-
ing is establish'd in the *fast* of all
the land: thou hast what mor-

call them can wish, and want
 nothing but *immortality*. The
best of all the land is thine, and
 thou art planted in the *best* of
Land. A land whose *Constitution*
 make the *best* of Govern-
 ment, which *Government* is
 strengthened with the *best* of
 Laws, which *Laws* are executed
 by the *best* of Princes, whose
Princes whose *Laws*, whose
Government, whose *Land* makes
 us the *happiest* of all subjects,
 makes us the *happiest* of all peo-
 ple. A land of strength, of plenty,
 and a land of peace, where every
 soul may sit beneath his vine,
 untroubled at the horrid language
 of the *Romish* *Triumph*, unstart-
 led at the warlike summons of the
 roaring *Cannon*. A land whose
 beauty hath surpriz'd the ambi-
 tious hearts of forrain Princes, and
 taught them by their martiall O-

196. *The Secure Towns*

rejoyce to make their vaine at-
 tempts. A land whose strength
 redden vanity in the deceived
 hopes of Conquerors, and crowns
 their enterprizes with a shame-
 full overthrow. A land whose
 native plenty makes her the
 worlds Exchange, supplying o-
 thers able to subsist without sup-
 ply from forraigne Kingdomes;
 in it selfe happy; and abroad ho-
 nourable. A land that hath no
 vanity, but what by accident pro-
 ceeds and issues from the sweet-
 rest of all blessings, peace and pro-
 sperity; that hath no misery but what
 is propagated from that blindness
 which cannot see her own felici-
 tie. A land that flows with
 Milk and Honey, and in briefe,
 wants nothing to deserve the ti-
 tle of a Paradise, the Carthage of
 Spaine, the pride of Germany, the
 ayde of Belgia, the strength of
 France,

France the Emperesse of the world,
 and Queen of Nations: She is
 begirt with walls, whose builder
 was the hand of beaver, wherein
 there daily rides a Navy Regall,
 whose unconquerable pow-
 er proclaimes her Prince in-
 vincible, and whispers sed de-
 spaire into the fainting hearts of
feraigne Majesties: She is com-
 pact within her selfe, immunity not
 apt to civill discords or intestine
 broyles: The awe of all nations,
 the *ambition* of all Princes; the
 terror of all enemies, the security
 of all neighbouring States. Let
 numerous *Palpis* threaten ruine,
 let prophecying Church-men
 doe till I beleeve: How often
 and how long have these loud
 sonnes of *Thunder* false prophe-
 sied her desolation: and yet she
 stands the glory of the world: Can
 pride demolish the Tower, that
 defend

defend her? Can drunkenness
dry up the sea that walls her? Can
flames of lust dissolve the Ord-
nances that protect her?

But well advised my soule;
There is a voyce from heaven
roare louder then those Ord-
nance, which saith,

Thus saith the Lord, The whole
land shall be desolate, Jer. 4. 27.

Ez. 14. 7.

The whole earth is at rest, and at
quiet, they break forth into sing-
ing;

For the Fiers sweet joyes at thee,
and the Cedars of Lebanon sing,

For shall thou be brought down to
hell, to the side of the Pit.

Jer. 5. 28.

They have belied the Lord, and
said, He is not he, neither shall
evil come upon us, neither
shall we see sword, or famine.

1 Cor.

1 Cor.

1 Cor. 10. 12.

Let him that standeth take heed
lest he fall.

Luke 17. 26.

They did eat and drink, and they
married wives and were gi-
ven in marriage, until the flood
came and destroyed them all.

Greg. Mor.

A man may as soon build a Castle
upon the roading waves, as
ground a solid comfort upon the
uncertaine ebbs and fluxes of
transient pleasures.

St. Augustine.

Whilst Lot was exercised in suffe-
ring reproach and violence, he
continued holy and pure, even in
the filth of Sodom: but in the
moment being in peace and safety,
he was surpris'd by sensuall se-
curety, and defiled himselfe with
his own daughters.

K 3

Our

Our prosperous and happy state is often the occasion of more miserable ruine, a long peace hath made many men both carelesse and cowardly; and that's the most fatall blow when an unexpected enemy surprises us in a deep sleep of peace and security, Greg. Mag.

His Soliloquy.

Security is an improvident carelesnesse, casting out all fear of approaching danger; It is like a great Calme at Sea, that foretells a storme: How is this verified O my sad soule in this our bleeding nation! Wert thou not but now for many yeares even nuzzled in the bosome of habitually peace? Didst thou foresee this danger? Or couldst thou have

con-

His Soliloquy.

contrived a way to be thus miserable? Didst thou not laugh *invasion* to scorn? or didst thou not lesse feare a *Civill war*? Was not the *Title* of the *Crown* unquestionable? And was not our mixt *government* unapt to fall into *discales*? Did we want good *Lawes*? or did our *Lawes* want *execution*? Did not our *Prophets* give lawfull warning? or were we moved at the sound of *judgements*? How hast thou liv'd O my *uncarefull soule* to see these *prophecies* fulfill'd, and to behold the *vials* of thy angry God pour'd forth! Since *mercy* O my *soule* could not allure thee, yet let these *judgements* now at length enforce thee to a true *Repentance*. Quench the *Firebrand* which thou hast kindled; turne thy *mirth* to a right *mourning* and thy *feasts of joy* to *humiliation*.

His Prayer

O God by whom kings reign,
and kingdoms flourish, that
settest up where none can batter
down, and pullest down where
none can countermand, I a most
humble Sutor at the Throne of
Grace, acknowledge my selfe
unworthy of the least of all thy
mercies, nay worthy of the
greatest of all thy judgements:
I have sinned against thee the
author of my being. I have sin-
ned against my conscience, which
thou hast made my accuser, I
have sinned against the peace of
this Kingdom, whereof thou hast
made mee a member: If all
should doe, O God, as I have
done, *Sodom* would appeare as
righteous, and *Genarrab* would
be a president to thy wrath upon
this

this sinfull Nation. But Lord thy mercy is inscrutable, or else my misery were unspeakable, for that mercy sake bee gracious to me in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his sake in whom thou art well pleased: Make my head a fountaine of teares to quench that brand my finnes have kindled towards the destruction of this flourishing kingdome; Blessè this kingdom O God, establish it in piety, honour, peace, and plenty. Forgive all her crying finnes, and remove thy judgements farre from her. Blessè her Governour, thy servant, our dread Sovereign, endue his soule with all religions, civill, and princely vertues; Preserve his royall person in health, safety, and prosperity; prolong his days in honour, peace, or victory, and

CROWN

114 His Prayer.

crown his death with everlasting
 glory. Bless him in his royall
 Consort, unite their hearts in
 love and true Religion. Bless
 him in his princely issue; Season
 their youth with the feare of thy
 Name. Direct thy Church in
 doctrine and in discipline, and let
 her enemies bee converted, or
 confounded; purge her of all
 superstition and heresie, and root
 out from her, whatsoever thy
 hand hath not planted. Bless
 the Nobility of this Land, endue
 their hearts with truth, loyalty,
 and true policy. Bless the Tribe
 of *Levi*, with piety, learning,
 and humility. Bless the Ma-
 gistrates of this kingdome, give
 them religious & upright hearts,
 hating covetousnesse. Bless the
 Gentry with sincerity, charity,
 and a good conscience. Bless
 the Commonalty with loyall
 hearts,

hearts, painfull hands, and pleat-
tifull increase. Bless the two
great Seminaries of this king-
dom, make them fruitfull and
faithfull Nurseries both to the
Church and Common-wealth.
Bless all thy Saints every where,
especially those that have stood
in the gap betwixt this kingdom
and thy judgements, that being
all members of that Body wher-
of thou Christ art head, we may
all joyn in humiliation for our
sinnes, and in the propagation of
thy honour here, and bee made
partakers of thy glory in the
kingdom of glory.

*The Presumptuous mans
Felicities.*

Tell bawling Babes of *Bar-*
thems, to fight them into
quietnesse.

216 *The presumptuous*

quiernesse, or terry youth
with old wives fables, to keep
their wilde affections in awe;
Such Toyes may work upon their
timorous apprehensions, when
wholsom precepts sayl, and finde
no audience in their youthfull
eares: Tell not me of Hell, De-
vils, or of damned soules to en-
force mee from those pleasures
which they nick-name Sinne:
What tell ye me of Law? my
soule is sensible of Evangelicall
precepts, without the needlesse
and uncorrected thunder of the
killing Letter, or the terrible
paraphrase of roaring Bonnarges,
the rediousnesse of whose lan-
guage still determines in damna-
tion; wherein I apprehend God
farre more mercifull then his
Ministers. Tis true, I have not
led my life according to the pha-
risaical speere of their opinions,
neither

neither have I found judgements
according to their *Prophecies*,
whereby I must conclude that
God is wonderfully mercifull, or
they wonderfully mistaken. How
often have they thundred tor-
ment against my *voluptuous life*,
and yet I feele no pain: How
bitterly have they threatned
shame against the vaunts of my
vain-glory? yet finde I honour:
How fiercely have they preached
destruction, against my *crackly*?
and yet I live: What plagues
against my *swearing*? yet not
infected: What diseases against
my *drunkenness*? and yet sound;
What danger against *procrastina-
tion*? yet how often hath God
been found upon the death-bed?
What damnation to *Hypocrites*?
yet who more safe? What stripes
to the *ignorant*? yet who more
Scottree? What poverty to the
glutfull?

218 His Ambiguities.

slotfull? yet themselves prosper:
What falls to the *prond*? yet they
stand surest: What curses to the
covetous? yet who richer? What
judgements to the *laſcivious*? yet
who more pleasure? What ven-
geance to the *prophane*, the *con-*
ſortious, the *revengefull*? yet
none live more unſcourg'd: Who
deeper branded then the *Liar*?
yet who more fayourd? Who
more threatend then the *pre-*
ſumptuous? yet who leſſe pu-
niſht? Thus are wee foold and
kept in awe with the ſtrict fan-
cies of thoſe *Pulper-men*, whose
opinions have no ground but
what they gaine from popu-
larity: Thus are wee frighted
from the liberty of Nature by the
politick Chimeras of Religion;
whereby wee are neceſſitated to
the obſerving of thoſe Lawes
whereof wee finde a greater
neceſſity.

necessity of breaking.

BUt stay my soule, there is a
 voyce that darts into my
 troubled thoughts, which saith,
 Because thou hast not kept my
 Lawes, all the curses in this
 Book shall overtake thee, till
 thou be destroyed, Deut. 29.

Deut. 29. 27. 2101

And the anger of the Lord was
 kindled against the land, to
 bring upon it all the curses that
 are written in this Book,

2 Chron. 34. 24.

Thus saith the Lord, behold I will
 bring evill upon this place, and
 upon the inhabitants thereof,
 even all the curses that are
 written in the book

Deut. 28. 15.

But if thou wilt not hearken unto
 the voyce of the Lord thy God
 to observe and doe all his com-
 mandements, and his statutes
 which

which I command thee this day,
all these curses shall come upon
thee, and overtake thee.

Bernard.

It is certain thou must die, and un-
certain when, how or where ;
seeing death is alwayes at thy
heelles ; Thou must (if thou bee
wise) alwayes be ready to die.

Bernard.

To commit a sin is an humane frail-
ty, to persist in it is a devilish ob-
stinacy.

Bernard.

There are some who hope in the
Lord, but yet in vaine, because
they only smooth and flatter
themselves, that God is merci-
full, but repent not of their sin ;
such confidence is vain and foo-
lish, and leads to destruction.

His

His Soliloquy.

Presumption is a sin whereby we depend upon Gods mercies without any warrant from Gods Word: It is as great a sin, O my soule, to hope for Gods mercy, without Repentance, as to distrust Gods mercy upon Repentance: In the first thou wrongst his justice; In the last, his mercy: O my presumptuous soule, let not thy prosperity in sinning encourage thee to sinne; lest, climbing without warrant into his mercy, thou fall without mercy into his judgement: Be not deceived; a long Peace makes a bloody Warre, and the abuse of continued mercies makes a sharpe judgement: Patience, when slighted, turnes to fury, but ill-required, starts to vengeance: Think

His Prayer.

Thinke not, that thy unpunisht
sin is hidden from the eye of hea-
ven, or that Gods judgements
will *delay* for ever : The Halted
Oxe that wallowes in his *plenty*,
and waxes wanton with *ease*, is
not farre from *slaughter* : The *E-*
gypt O my desperate soule, is long
a filling, but once being full, the
leaden cover must goe on, and
then, it hurries on the wings of
the wind : Advise thee then, and
whilst the *lamps* of thy prosperi-
ty last, provide thee for the *evil*
day, which being come repen-
tance will bee out of *date*, and
all thy prayers will finde no
care.

His

His Prayer.

CRATIONS God, whose mercy
is unsearchable, and whose
goodnesse is unspeakable, I the
unthankfull object of thy conti-
nued favours, and therefore the
miserable subject of thy continu-
all wrath, humbly present my self-
made misery before thy sacred
Majestie; Lord when I look upon
the horridnesse of my sin, shame
strikes me dumbe: But when I
turne mine eye upon the infinie-
nesse of thy mercy, I am embold-
ned to pour forth my soule before
thee; as in the one finding mat-
ter for confusion; so in the o-
ther arguments for compassion:
Lord I have sinned grievously,
but my Saviour hath satisfied a-
bundantly; I have trespassed con-
tinually, but he hath suffered once
for

244 *His Prayer.*

For all: Thou hast numbred my
transgressions by the haire of my
head, but his mercies are innu-
merable like the stars of the
skie: My sinnes in greatnesse are
like the mountaines of the earth,
but his mercy is greater then the
heavens: Oh if his mercy were
not greater then my sinne, my
sinne were unpardonable; for his
therefore and thy mercies take
cover my sinne, and pardon my
transgressions: make my head a
fountain of tears, and accept my
contrition O thou Well-spring of
all mercy: strengthen my resolu-
tion, that for the time to come I
may detest all sin: Encrease a
holy anger in me that I may re-
venge my selfe upon my selfe, for
displeasing so gracious a Father;
Fill my heart with a feare of thy
judgements, and sweeten my
thoughts with the meditation of
thy

His Prayer.

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thy mercies: Go forwards O my
God, and perfect thy own work
in mee, and take the glory of thy
own free goodnesse; furnish my
mouth with the praises of thy
name, and replenish my tongue
with continuall thanksgiving;
Thou hast promised pardon to
those that repent; behold I repent,
Lord quicken my Repentance.
Thou mightst have made me a
terrible example of thy justice,
and struck me into hell in the
height of my presumption; but
thou hast made me capable of thy
mercies, and an object of thy com-
miseration; for thou art a graci-
ous God, of long-suffering and
slow to anger, thy name is won-
derfull, and thy mercies incom-
prehensible: Thou art onely wor-
thy to be praised: Let all the
people praise thee O God: O let
all the people praise thee: Let
Angels

Angels and Archangels praise
 thee, Let the Congregations of
 Saints praise thee, let thy works
 prayse thee, let every thing
 that breathes prayse
 thee for ever,
 and for ever,

Amen.

FINIS.

K 12: blank +
wanting.